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PLUCK AND LUCK

THREE TREASURE WRECKS

OR THE REMARKABLE CRUISE OF THE "RED WHITE AND BLUE"

AND OTHER STORIES

By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson



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PLUCK AND LUCK

Stories of Adventure

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NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1913.

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THREE TREASURE WRECKS

OR,

The Remarkable Cruise of the "Red, White and Blue"

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

"CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE."

"I tell you it is so, Adam Easy. You can believe me or not, just as you like; but my great-grandfather told me that his great-grandfather told him that——"

"Come, now, come now, Tom Tuttle, that's getting too far back!"

"Haven't we got to get back as far as Captain Kidd, if we want to find the buried treasure?"

"Huh!" growled Adam. "As though you would ever find it. My father says that your folks hain't never done no work for the last twenty years——"

"He lies!" Tom broke in excitedly. "He doesn't do anything himself but pick up wood on the beach."

"And that's no lie, and I'll own up to it," said Adam, coolly; "what I was going to say was that my father says your folks hain't done no work in the last twenty years except to hunt for Captain Kidd's buried treasure, that's all."

A frightful gust of wind put an end to the conversation for the time being.

It struck the old house on Bad Egg Harbor beach with tremendous force, causing it to tremble from rafter to sill; indeed Adam Easy declared that a little more and it would have shaken him out of bed.

It was indeed a frightful storm, and while the wind is howling about the two hundred year old house which stood just above high-water mark, let us explain something about the hamlet and its people, especially the two boys who lay under the old patch-work quilt listening to the storm.

It was away down on the South Jersey shore.

Between Egg Harbor and Little Egg Harbor there stood in those days, at the head of a small indentation in the low sandy beach, a cluster of old-time houses, which seemed to belong to a past age and to have been overlooked by the march of time.

This was "Bad Egg Harbor," as everybody called it, for the very good reason that here was no harbor at all, but just about one of the most dangerous anchorages on all the Jersey coast.

Here dwelt half a dozen fishermen who picked up their living the best way they could; poor enough in all conscience, but every man, woman and child among them lived in hourly expectation of becoming suddenly wealthy through the discovery of Captain Kidd's buried treasure, for it was one of the legends of Bad Egg Harbor that the famous pirate had once landed there and hidden several chests of treasure in one of the houses.

Every one believed in the legend, but there was a dispute of at least a hundred years' standing between the Easy family and the Tuttle family as to which house the pirate had chosen for the hiding-place of his ill-gotten gold.

But it had died out of late so far as the Tuttles were con-

cerned, for Tom's father and mother were dead, and there was only Tom left to talk of the family legends, and he had not enjoyed the chance to say much about it, as he had been away three years at school in Philadelphia, where he was supposed to have received a famous education, and since his return to Bad Egg Harbor he was looked upon as quite a dude.

Tom Tuttle was nineteen and "as smart as they make 'em." It was the intention of his guardian, who was also an uncle, to make a business man of him by taking him into his big iron warehouse in Philadelphia, but as the boy's health had been rather poor of late, owing to hard study, Tom had been sent down to the old home to see if he would not pick up, and with him came one of the neatest little crafts, half sailboat, half yacht, in miniature, that the Bad Egg Harborians had ever laid eyes on.

Adam Easy declared that it was a perfect dandy, and as Adam had been out in it several times he certainly ought to be somewhat familiar with the sailing qualities of the "Red, White and Blue."

Adam was a little younger than Tom, and as in former years they had been particular chums, it was not strange that their acquaintance had been renewed now; and as Tom was living all alone in the old house, cooking for himself and spending most of his time on the water, Adam had been sleeping with him to keep him company; indeed they had been together most of the time since Tom's return, and it is thus that we find them together on the night of the big storm.

The wind blew so that the boys had been unable to sleep, and as they lay in bed it was very natural that the conversation should drift back to the old legend of the buried treasure.

As the night wore on the storm increased in fury, the wind blowing harder and harder. The sea under the double influence of a rising tide and the terrific gale had already crept up further on the beach than it had ever been known to come within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, and was still rising, for it was not high water yet.

The boys had fallen asleep now, and they slept right on through all the roar and racket of the storm until about half-past four, when suddenly Tom was awakened by hearing a frightful crash on the roof overhead.

He sprang to the floor with a startled cry, uncertain for the moment if it was not all a dream.

Running to the window which overlooked the beach he peered out and witnessed a sight which he was destined not to forget.

All around was water. The beach had vanished, the little pier in front of the house had utterly disappeared.

Great waves were sweeping toward the old house, and as Tom looked one broke against it, sending a shower of spray up against the window-panes, and above the sound of the splash Tom could hear the swashing of water downstairs, which told him that the same thing had happened which happened once before in his father's time, that the water had

come into the lower rooms, and the old home of the Tuttles was in danger of being swept out to sea.

"Great Scott! this is an interesting state of affairs!" gasped Tom. "Lucky thing that we dragged the Red, White and Blue out of the water last night and made her fast to the house. What time is it? Only half-past four? It won't be high water for half an hour yet. That must have been the chimney that blew down. Wake up, Adam! Wake up! We are going to be swept out to sea!"

Adam sprang up in bed and rubbed his eyes.

"What in thunder is the matter, Tom?" he asked sleepily. "What are you making all that noise about?"

"We want to get out of here at once!" cried Tom. "Hustle on your clothes, Adam! I tell you we are being swept out to sea!"

"Well, b'gosh, we've got the Red, White and Blue, hain't we?" said Adam, jumping up. "Lucky thing we pulled her up."

"As if the Red, White and Blue would be any use in a storm like this," replied Tom. "Still we may be able to sail up to the village in her. Heavens! how the wind blows! This is like the big storm of 1855 that I used to hear my father tell about. There! Did you hear that? That was a wave striking against the house; I tell you, Adam, the old roost won't stand many such."

Adam had his trousers on by this time, and he looked out the window, giving utterance to many exclamations of surprise.

"Why, the water is all up around the door, Tom!" he cried. "Here comes another—a monster. Look! Look! It is higher than the top of the house. If it breaks over us it will smash the roof in, sure!"

Tom ran to the window and looked out.

A wall of water fully forty feet high was advancing toward the old house.

"Into the back room with you, Adam!" he shouted. "That fellow means business! It's going to break the roof in!"

The boys grabbed the rest of their clothes and ran for their lives into the other room.

They were barely in time, for scarce had they crossed the threshold, when the wave struck the old home of the Tuttles, tearing out a great hole in the shingle roof, knocking down the chimney breast and spreading the water all over the floor.

"We are lost!" gasped Adam, as the water came swirling around their feet and went pouring down the stairs.

"We must make for the Red, White and Blue!" cried Tom. "It is our only chance, but there are some things in the other room that I must get first!"

A scene of destruction met Tom Tuttle's gaze as he ran into the room they had just left, but what riveted his attention the instant he crossed the threshold was something which lay among the bricks of the fallen chimney breast.

It was an oblong iron box of ancient pattern, studded with great rivets and bound around by two bands of brass.

"A find!" cried Tom. "Oh, Adam, look here! Captain Kidd's treasure-box, sure!"

CHAPTER II.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE STARTS ON HER CRUISE.

Adam was close at Tom Tuttle's heels when the latter picked up the iron box.

It was decidedly heavy and was covered with rust; it looked what it was—very, very old.

"If it isn't Captain Kidd's treasure I'm sure I don't know what it can be," said Tom, "but this is no time to stand around talking about it. Whatever the old thing is it goes with us, and we must go right now."

"You bet, if we want to go at all!" cried Adam, who was peering out through the front window again. "Here comes another wave."

"Yes, and a monster!" echoed Tom. "Let's go downstairs and see if we can't climb out the sitting-room window and get into the Red, White and Blue!"

With the iron box under his arm, Tom dashed downstairs with Adam right behind him.

The water was a foot deep on the floor, and when Tom threw open the sitting-room door it came rushing out like a flood.

"Why don't the wave break?" panted Adam. "It's time!"

"It has broken!" cried Tom. "It must have broken short of the house, and that is what this extra rush means. Let's

get the shutters open. What in the world we are to do if the Red, White and Blue has gone adrift. I'm sure I don't know!"

Tom threw up the sash and dashed open the shutters.

The house was right out in the ocean to all appearances, but there was the boat still fast to its ring, bobbing up and down like a cork.

"Better put something to eat into her," something seemed to say to Tom. "You may be swept out to sea."

He ran to the cupboard, and seizing his fishing-basket, tumbled half a boiled ham, a couple of loaves of bread and some other things into it, while Adam leaned out, caught the rope and drew the boat closer in.

Tom tossed the iron box into the cockpit, threw the basket after it and was just about to climb upon the window-ledge when all at once the water suddenly rose up around his neck.

"Gee!" cried Adam, who found himself in the same fix. "What's the matter now?"

"We're afloat!" shouted Tom, his voice scarcely audible above the howling of the storm. "The old house has been washed off its foundation. We are being swept out to sea!"

At the same instant another wave came rolling in upon them.

It deluged the boys and threw them off their feet, and the next they knew their heads were under water, while the house careened over to one side and went sailing out upon the ocean, watched by everybody in the little hamlet of "Bad Egg Harbor," if the boys had only known it.

Located on higher ground, the other houses as yet were safe; but it was quite impossible to reach the Tuttle house, although nothing but the fact that he was held back by his neighbors prevented Adam's father from putting off in his boat.

He would have accomplished nothing, even if he had done so, for the old Tuttle house had now been swept seaward and was rapidly sinking, and who could answer for it in that storm that the two boys who went with it would ever see Bad Egg Harbor again?

But although everybody gave them up for lost, Tom and Adam had no sort of idea of giving up the ghost while the Red, White and Blue remained afloat, and she still did.

There was no chance to stand up, but as both the boys could swim, there was no trouble whatever in getting hold of the window-sill.

"Climb up, Adam! Get into the boat some old way!" cried Tom. "Is she still there?"

"You bet she is!" sputtered Adam, blowing the salt water out of his mouth. "You can't sink the Red, White and Blue!"

He caught the rope and drew the boat closer; then tumbling into it "for fair," going face down into the water, which filled the cockpit, and wetting his clothes still further, if such a thing had been possible, which it was not.

Tom lost no time in following Adam's example, although he managed to land in the boat a little more gracefully.

They were none too soon. The house was rapidly settling.

Before the boys could straighten up the window out of which they had just crawled was all under water, and the Red, White and Blue was tugging at its light hawser almost on a level with the roof.

"Cast off! Cast off, or we shall be pulled under!" sputtered Adam.

"I'm doing it!" panted Tom. "We want our line, if we can get it, and this knot sticks like wax. There she goes! Now we are off! Look! Look, Adam! We can never get ashore!"

It did not need any one to tell Adam that. A vast line of breakers lay between them and the hamlet.

A new sandbar had already begun to form, over which the breakers were tumbling furiously.

At the same instant the house sank out of sight, and the Red, White and Blue, caught in the sweep of another retreating wave, was carried far out to sea.

"Bail! Bail for your life!" cried Tom. "Once we get beyond the breakers we are all right. The only trouble is to keep off shore now!"

It looked so then. The Red, White and Blue was being swept out to sea simply by the force of the retreating waves, and the main trouble, as Tom said, was how to keep from being swept back in among the breakers by the next wave that came, aided by the fearful force of the wind.

He had no more idea then of what was actually going to happen than Adam had, and Adam's thoughts at that moment were confined solely to getting the water out of the boat.

But while they were still bailing a change suddenly came.

The great cyclone sweeping up the Atlantic coast was also sweeping around in a circle, as cyclones do, and the wind was just then about to change.

Suddenly the rain, which had been pouring in torrents, ceased, and there was a lull, the wind seeming to die completely down.

"Say, Tom, it's going to clear up!" cried Adam.

"Don't you believe it!" said Tom. "It has only stopped for the moment. We are getting the water down now. Keep at it, Adam. We want to get her clear, and then we will throw out the oars and try to work up shore and make a landing somewhere. I guess we can get in at Five Mile creek."

"You wouldn't dare to run up the sail, Tom?"

"No, no! It would be madness."

"But the wind has died down. There's just about enough to fill it. Wouldn't it be an easy matter to run up the shore?"

"Adam, you don't understand about these coast storms," said Tom. "If I know anything, the storm center is right over us now, and the first thing we know the wind will blow right off shore."

But Adam was not to be convinced. He knew nothing about the theory of storms and cared less. He stuck to his point so tenaciously that Tom was half convinced, and as the moments passed and there was no change, he allowed himself to be persuaded and ran up the sail.

He had no more than done so when the change which he had fully anticipated came.

There was a puff of wind from the west, which sent the sail flapping, then another, and then, with a rush and a roar, the storm came sweeping down upon them from the opposite direction.

Tom had barely time to drop the sail when it was upon them in full force.

It was quite impossible for the little craft to stand up against it.

For better or for worse the Red, White and Blue was being swept out to sea.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT THE TABLE THAT WAS THROWN OVERBOARD.

"Can you see her now, Adam?"

"I thought I saw her pipe, Tom, but I may be mistaken."

"Heavens how it blows! It's as dark as midnight, too. Was there ever such a storm?"

"It's a tough one," groaned Adam. "The Red, White and Blue is doing nobly, but I suppose she is bound to go under at last."

"Cheerful! I'd like to bet she won't. There was no better boat of her size ever made on the Delaware, and that's right."

"There she is again!" shouted Adam, suddenly.

Tom looked off in the direction of Adam's pointing finger.

The smokestack of a small steamer could just be discovered through the gloom, and at the same moment a gun boomed, then the darkness seemed to come between them, and they could see it no more.

It was not night. Only two hours had passed since the Red, White and Blue had been swept out to sea.

But they had been two terrible hours, in every sense of the word.

With the change in the wind came a violent thunder storm.

It grew as black as midnight; the lightning flashed most vividly, the thunder crashed and rolled as though the end of the world had come, while through it all the wind blew off shore so violently that the only wonder was the dainty little craft was not swamped a dozen times over, and yet, thanks to Tom's skillful handling, she escaped.

There had been no chance to examine the iron box which was supposed to contain the pirate's treasure; no chance to do anything, in fact, except for the boys to hold on to life the best way they could.

That they had been swept far out to sea Tom knew very well, but he still had hopes that they might weather the storm and get back again, and yet no one knew better than he did how hopeless it all was, for they had no compass, and the chances were that when at last it did clear, they would find themselves far out of sight of land.

Such was the state of affairs when the boys first caught sight of the steamer, and they had not improved any by the time they heard the signal gun.

"She's in distress, Tom! There is no doubt about that, I suppose?" Adam remarked.

"Not the least in the world," replied Tom; "but it's mighty little we can do for her, even if she was to go to pieces right before our eyes."

"There she is again! Look! You can see her deck now!" It had brightened up a little, and besides the steamer had approached nearer.

Tom got out forward, and, holding on by the mast, inspected her carefully.

"Probably up from Cuba or Porto Rico," he said. "Most likely she is a fruiter. She is no regular liner, that's sure."

"What's the matter with her, can you make out?" asked Adam, sticking close to the tiller which Tom had left in his charge.

"No, I can't. She seems to set low down in the water, and everything on deck has been swept off pretty clean."

"See any people?"

"I can see the pilot, and there is a big fellow in oilskins pacing up and down the deck. I can't make out anybody else. Oh, yes, I can, too! There's a man forward at the gun. He's going to fire again. There she goes!"

There was a puff of smoke, and then after a little the report came.

"She must be sinking," said Adam.

"Either that, or they think so. See, there's three or four men coming on deck now! They see us! They are making signs to each other. I suppose the wind must blow harder over there from the way they act."

For some moments the boys continued to watch the steamer in silence.

It was soon evident that she was settling lower and lower in the water.

The men seemed to be greatly excited about something. They were six in number, and they kept on making signs to each other in the most peculiar way, the boys thought, until all at once Tom solved the mystery in one word.

"Dumb!" he cried.

"Right you are!" shouted Adam; "deaf and dumb for sure! But see, Tom, her stern is dropping down lower than her bow. She's sinking."

"You bet she is, and not a boat on board. See that fellow flying about with the axe! Is he going to kill somebody? No, I guess he is going to try to build a raft."

"Look at the other two!" cried Adam. "What are they bringing to the rail? By thunder, it's a big table! They are going to lower it down!"

Ropes were attached to the table, and it was lowered over the side, legs upward.

It was too dark for the boys to see very distinctly, and they were not able to make out whether or not there was anything on the table.

It soon fell astern of the steamer, which had now changed its course and was heading for the Red, White and Blue.

All at once a dismal shout came sweeping over the water.

Tom and Adam knew what it meant before it reached them.

The steamer was sinking.

No time now to build a raft to take the place of the boats which had been swept away.

Once more the gun boomed, and then the darkness increasing for the moment, the steamer was lost sight of.

When it cleared she had vanished.

It was nothing but the black sky above and the heaving sea below, and the table which, with its four legs sticking up in the air, was floating toward the Red, White and Blue.

"She has gone down with all on board!" cried Tom. "Adam, it is terrible, yet we could not have done anything to have helped those poor fellows, even if we had tried."

"That's right," replied Adam. "There wasn't never no chance. We have got all we want to do to look after the Red, White and Blue."

It grew lighter and lighter. At last the storm seemed to be actually passing over.

The wind was dying down, too, and the little Red, White and Blue, which had weathered the storm so nobly, was having an easier time of it.

With a little chance to think now, the boys naturally turned their attention to the table, which had by this time approached so near that they could get a good view of it.

Instantly Tom saw what he had not seen before, that there was somebody lying stretched out upon the table as it bobbed up and down on the heaving sea.

"Look, Adam! Look! It's a girl!" he cried.

"Hang me if it isn't!" replied Adam. "Is she dead?"

"Looks so. No! I saw her move. She half sat up and then dropped back again—didn't you see?"

Of course I did. Say, Tom, we can help her anyhow. What's the matter with running up the sail?"

"Nothing now, I guess. Let's try it, anyhow. I guess the Red, White and Blue will take this wind all right."

The sail was speedily run up, and Tom taking the tiller stood for the table.

"Get out that small line, Adam," he said. "We may be able to lasso the legs in a moment. There! Look! The girl is trying to get up again."

"Blame it all, why she isn't much older than we are!" cried Adam. "and mighty good-looking, too. Give her the hail, Tom. See what she says."

"Hello! Hello! Table ahoy!" yelled Tom.

The girl made no response, but staggered to her feet, and holding on by the table legs, looked toward the Red, White and Blue.

She was plainly dressed, and her wet clothes clinging to her slight form as they did made her look younger than she really was, perhaps, but certainly she did not seem to be over sixteen or seventeen years old.

"Hello!" shouted Tom. "We are going to save you. It's all right now!"

Still the girl just stared and made no answer.

By this time the Red, White and Blue had approached pretty close to the table, and the boys could not understand why its fair occupant did not show some desire to be released from her disagreeable situation; but she still stood there and made no move and uttered no sound.

"Take the tiller, Adam," said Tom. "I can throw the rope all right now."

He stood up and, having made a slip noose, swung the impromptu lasso about his head once or twice and then let it fly.

The rope went whirling toward the table, but fell short of it.

Tom drew it in, watching the girl wonderingly, for she stood like a statue staring at the Red, White and Blue.

"Is she crazy?" cried Adam.

"There is something the matter with her, sure," replied Tom.

Once more he flung the lasso, and this time with better success, for it dropped over one of the table legs, and Tom, pulling in, drew the strange raft toward the Red, White and Blue.

CHAPTER IV.

OPENING THE IRON BOX.

Tom had succeeded in capturing the table, but to save him he did not know what to make of the girl.

She just stood there holding on to the table legs, watching every move he made, intently showing her interest in all, but never saying a word.

"Say, she's deaf and dumb, too, that there gal is," said Adam Easy. "I'm betting on it—you will see."

"Won't bet against you," replied Tom. "I wouldn't wonder at all if you were right."

"If she wasn't, she'd a-hollered," added Adam. "Say, Tom, she's danged pretty. Queer fish for us to catch, dang me if it hain't."

"Attend to your steering, Adam. I must say I don't relish the idea of having a girl on board the Red, White and Blue."

"I, neither, Tom."

"She'll have to have the cabin given up to her; where will we bunk in the meantime?"

"That's what. Still we can't cut the table loose, old man, and let her float away?"

"Certainly not. Who ever suggested such a thing. Keep that long tongue of yours still, Adam. I want to attend strictly to business now."

It was an old habit of Tom's to talk to Adam in this strain, and far from resenting it, Adam rather liked it.

Entirely uneducated and not overgifted with intelligence, Adam Easy was fond of Tom Tuttle much in the way that a big dog is of its master. But such friends are often the fastest kind of friends, as everybody knows.

Tom was certainly not much of a "ladies' man," and Adam "just hated gals," he always declared; consequently neither of the boys looked forward with any great enthusiasm to receiving their lady passenger on the Red, White and Blue, but there was no help for it, and Tom drew the table close to the boat.

"Can't you talk, Miss?" he called out. "Are you deaf and dumb?"

The girl eyed him intently and seemed to understand by the motion of his lips.

She pointed to her ears and then to her mouth, and then

shook her head sadly, all of which told the story quite as well as words.

Tom extended his hand and helped her upon the deck of the Red, White and Blue.

It is easy to write this—it only takes a few words—but it is necessary to understand that it was quite a difficult undertaking and required no little skill.

The instant it was accomplished, Tom cast off his line and let the table drift away.

"Well, well, well!" grumbled Adam. "This is a nuisance. Whatever are we going to do with that gal?"

"The best we can," replied Tom. "The wind is pretty well down now, but it is getting so dark again that upon my word I don't know which way the shore lies. You are a better weather sharp than I am, Adam. Give your attention to that very important matter, while I see if I can find out anything about this young lady who is trying to stare me out of countenance, though I'll be blest if I know how to begin."

The girl herself, however, saved Tom any trouble. She was fumbling in her pockets as she sat there on the edge of the cockpit, and now she drew out a small slate with a pencil attached and wrote rapidly for a moment, then handing the slate over to Tom.

"My name is Grace Bently. What is yours? Can you talk deaf and dumb language with your fingers?"

"My name is Tom Tuttle, and this is my friend, Adam Easy. I can't talk with my fingers. Tell me what steamer that was, and all about it. I want to know just who you are."

"Tom Tuttle. Adam Easy," repeated the girl slowly, in that queer strained voice that the educated deaf and dumb always use.

She said the names over two or three times. Evidently she had been taught to talk a little, but it was painful for Tom to hear her. Then she wrote:

"I am up from Savannah. The steamer was the Spartan, bound for New York. Two friends of mine, both deaf mutes, were with me. My father and mother are dead. I have no relations. I was going to New York to try to get work. They put me on the table because the steamer was sinking. I hope you will be good to me and take me ashore."

Tom's answer to this was:

"This is the Red, White and Blue. We were blown out to sea. We will certainly be good to you. We will take you ashore, if we can get there ourselves. You had better go into the cabin, take off your wet clothes and put on an old suit of mine that I will give you. If you don't do this, you will get cold and be sick. You must not mind us a bit. We are going to do everything for you that we can, but we are in trouble ourselves, and I don't know that we will ever be able to get ashore."

Tom took up the whole side of the slate before he got through writing this message, which Grace read very carefully.

When she was through she wiped it off and said:

"Thank you, Tom Tuttle. Thank you, Adam Easy. Shake hands."

"Gee! she can talk some, it seems," said Adam, as he shook hands in his turn. "Wonder if she can't hear a little, too."

Tom put the question on the slate, and the girl rapidly wrote:

"I could not hear a cannon if it were fired right in this boat. They taught me to talk a little in the asylum, but I can only say a few simple words. If you will let me, I will put on your clothes. I am very cold. I don't want to get sick. That would only make more trouble for you."

Tom led the way into the little cabin, got out the clothes, which happened to be one of his best suits, and gave them to her.

He had a flask of whisky in the locker, which he always carried in case of emergency, and he insisted upon the girl taking a spoonful. Then he closed the cabin door and returned to the cockpit to find that a sudden and decided change had come.

"Great Scott! how quick the fog has come in!" he exclaimed.

"Well, now, hasn't it?" replied Adam. "It came rolling in on us all in a moment. Bad job, Tom. I don't know no more where we are than a goose. Let this weather hold for twenty-four hours, and the dear knows where we will fetch up. It's a bad job."

"That's what it is," replied Tom, dolefully. "There isn't a breath of wind, either, and as the sail is only getting wetter and wetter I suppose we may as well let it down."

"You'd better," said Adam. "It makes her kind of top heavy. Well, I'd rather be here with you, Tom, than safe on

shore with some folks I know. I'm sorry for my poor mother, though. Oh, won't she worry. Now don't look at me as though I was going to keep on talking about these dismal things all the time, for I hain't. It's the last time I'll speak of them. We are in a fix, and we have got to stay in a fix till we can get out—that's all. Is that gal going to dress up in your clothes?"

"She is," replied Tom. "It's all she can do, poor thing, unless she wants to get her death."

"How about grub? It's mighty short for two. What about three?"

"Well," said Tom, "we shall have to eat up what we have got and trust to luck for more, I suppose. Say, Adam, here's that box. We can't do anything else, so suppose we try to open it? If we have struck our everlasting fortune in the chimney, it would be just as well to know that, too."

Thus saying, Tom took up the box which had been kicking about the cockpit at his feet and proceeded to examine it with a little more attention than he had bestowed upon it before.

"I suppose we shall have a sweet time opening it without a key," he said, shaking it. "In fact, I don't just see how we are going to do it, unless—hello! It is open! Here she goes!"

Suddenly the lid came up, and the box itself dropping down, the contents went tumbling at Tom's feet.

"Gee!" cried Adam. "Look at them big glass beads! There hain't no money in the box, though!"

CHAPTER V.

LOST IN THE FOG.

"Glass beads! These are no beads!" cried Tom. "Why, Adam, these are diamonds of the purest water. There's a fortune right here at my feet."

It was a highly interesting discovery.

The contents of the iron box when gathered up proved to be a strange mixture. Here is the inventory, just as Tom wrote it out later on:

Sixty-three small diamonds, largest about the size of a pea.

Twenty large diamonds, from the size of a pea up to that of a hazel nut.

Two large diamonds, each about the size of a pigeon's egg.

Seven old-fashioned gold watches.

Ten silver watches.

Six breastpins.

Eight pairs of earrings.

Four gold rings, plain.

Twenty gold rings with stones removed.

Two combs.

One hairbrush.

One small brush—perhaps a nailbrush.

One needlecase, full of needles.

One paper of pins.

One small looking-glass.

One pipe, with jeweled stem.

One ivory miniature, with gold frame, representing a man in naval officer's uniform.

One manuscript tied up with a piece of rotten tape.

This was all.

Adam had looked upon the watches and bits of jewelry as a fortune, but Tom had seen enough to know that the diamonds were genuine stones of no little value.

"They must be worth several thousand dollars," he declared.

"I s'pose they are," replied Adam, grumbly, "but I made sure the box was full of gold."

"We can't have everything we want," said Tom, "and neither gold nor diamonds would do us much good in our present position. What's this paper, I wonder? Pshaw! It has all faded out."

Tom opened the yellow, time-stained manuscript and hastily ran over the leaves.

The writing had indeed faded away, and almost everywhere was entirely illegible. It was written in a small, crabbed hand, and even where the letters still remained it was impossible to read it, for it was written in French, of which Tom understood just enough to be able to make out what it was.

"Huh! It might as well be in Sanskrit," he exclaimed. "I can't read this thing."

"Well, if you can't, then I'm sure I can't," replied Adam. "Chuck the old thing overboard."

"Indeed I shan't."

"What good is it?"

"Well, if we can't read it, there are others who can, and I expect to get back on shore sometime. Hello! What have we got here? I can read this."

Tom had come to the last page, and there, written in a full, round hand, was the following, all as plain as print:

"Upper Egg Harbor, Jan. 10, 1810.

"This is the story of the French pirate who came to my house. He read it to me just before he departed, but as I can't read French I can't translate it. It is about the wreck of three Spanish ships loaded with Mexican dollars, bound from Vera Cruz for New Orleans, consigned to Napoleon's agent, Vincent Nolte. The ships were captured by the pirates and tacked together, but his vessel became separated from them in a terrible gale. Their names were the San Mateo, the General Del Rio and the Marshal Morazan. The estimated value of the three cargoes of dollars was about a million in our money. I believe this story to be true, and from the way the pirate described the ships and the condition in which he left them, it would not at all surprise me if they were still afloat. If I were a younger man I would certainly go in search of these three treasure wrecks, but as it is—"

Here the writing abruptly ended, but some one else had written lower down the sheet:

"This was written by Ira Tuttle on the night of his death. There is no doubt that the Frenchman whom he took in and sheltered poisoned him before he ran away.

"JOHN TUTTLE."

"Well!" exclaimed Tom, who had been reading aloud, "this just beats the band!"

"Who was Ira Tuttle?" demanded Adam, in a tone full of interest.

"My great-grandfather," replied Tom. "He was found dead on the floor of the very room where we discovered the box."

"And John Tuttle?"

"Was his elder son, my grandfather, who died just before I was born."

"Well, where does Captain Kidd come in, Tom?"

"I guess he don't come in at all, seeing that he was hung a hundred years before this paper was written, but I can see now where the family legend got its start."

"Gee! I wish we might find them three treasure wrecks, Tom. That would be great, but I suppose they have sunk long ago."

"They must have," replied Tom. "Although these old derelicts do last a long time in some instances; but, of course, it is impossible after almost a hundred years."

Tom put the manuscript and the diamonds in his pocket, the other things he restored to the box and set it in the corner of the cockpit, and for some time the boys remained discussing their strange find.

A little later the cabin door opened, and a very good-looking young fellow stepped out.

"Grace!" exclaimed Tom. "By Jove, Adam, she makes a fine boy!"

Grace blushed as deeply as though she had heard what was said and touched her ears, as much as say: "Don't talk about me behind my back just because I can't hear."

"She's right," cried Tom. "No remarks, Adam. I wonder if she's hungry?" and he wrote the question on the slate.

"No, I am not hungry, but if you are, I'll set the table. While I am on this boat I want to work. Leave all these things to me."

She returned to the cabin and in a few moments looked out again and motioned to Tom to come in, which he did.

Grace had made the most of her opportunities and seemed to have been able to put her hand on everything.

The table was neatly set, Tom's tablecloth and small stock of dishes having all been brought into use.

The ham and bread had been carefully sliced, and a small pitcher of water drawn from a keg which Tom always kept in the cabin.

In short, everything looked so home-like that Tom began to think that after all it was not so bad to have a girl on board, even if she did dress in boy's clothes.

Adam took his turn after Tom was through and returned to his post much refreshed.

After Grace had cleared away the things, she came out and sat on the edge of the cockpit.

At first Tom thought it necessary to keep writing something on the slate, and so trying to talk to her, but the girl's answers were brief, and she did not seem disposed to talk very much about herself beyond what she had told already, so at last Tom gave it up and just let her sit there watching him while he talked to Adam, which seemed to please her a great deal better.

Later in the afternoon Grace retired to the cabin, and lying down in Tom's bunk, went to sleep, which certainly was a relief, for it made Tom decidedly nervous to have her sit there staring at him the way she did.

The fog still held on; the Red, White and Blue went bobbing about idly on the waves.

At last it began to grow dark, and still there was no change, nor did any come by the next morning.

All through the gloomy hours of darkness the boys just sat there, sleeping by turns, one ready at any moment to take advantage of anything that would show them their position, but when daylight came again there they still were lost in the fog.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAN WITH THE MEGAPHONE, AND WHAT HE LEFT

"Hello, Adam! By gracious, I must have been asleep again!"

"That's what you have, Tom. You have been sound asleep for the last two hours, and you might as well have just kept on sleeping, for all the good you can do."

"I'm afraid that is so," replied Tom, rubbing his eyes and looking around him. "Still foggy. No sign of a let-up for all I can see."

"No, sir! You bet there hain't," grumbled Adam, "and that's not the worst for it. When we eat our breakfast this morning there will be nothing left but the ham bone and one loaf of bread. I don't want to croak and say that we are going to starve to death here on the Red, White and Blue, but I'll be hanged if it don't look very much that way."

"Never mind," said Tom. "Where's our friend Grace? Has she shown up yet?"

"Not much. She's as sound asleep as ever. Shall I wake her, Tom?"

"Not by any means! What's the good of disturbing her? I want a bath. Just turn the key in the cabin door and I'll pull off my clothes and tumble overboard. It will make a new man of me, and I shall want all the strength I can have to-day."

"You can try it if you want to," said Adam, "but for my part I don't care about interviewing the sharks."

Tom laughed at the suggestion. Pulling off his clothes, he dove into the water and had a most refreshing swim.

It seemed to lighten a bit while he was dressing himself.

He had scarcely finished when Grace was heard trying the cabin door.

She came out, looking much refreshed.

"Good-morning, Tom Tuttle. Good-morning, Adam Easy," she said, in her slow, thick way, and then pointed off at the fog and shook her head.

Tom wrote good-morning and asked her in addition how she had slept.

"Splendidly," was the answer. "I am all right. Shall I get breakfast now?"

"Yes, if you can find anything to give us," wrote Tom.

Grace smiled and wrote:

"I have always had enough to eat and always expect to get it. We shan't starve."

But by noon it looked very much as if they might have to come to it, for the fog still held.

Toward three o'clock it grew a little lighter and a breeze sprang up.

Tom now took the tiller and began steering to the westward, for the position of the sun could be just made out.

He had scarcely settled himself to business when the boys were both startled by hearing a thunderous voice call out through the mist:

"Hello! Hello! Ahoy! Anybody that hears me, ahoy!"

"Great smokes, what's that!" cried Adam, springing up.

"What's the matter?" wrote Grace, who was sitting beside Tom.

"Some one calling," replied Tom.

"Say, Adam, it must be right off our starboard bow."

"Sounds as though it was right in the boat," replied Adam. "I never heard no such voice as that."

"Give him the answer," said Tom. "Your voice carries further than mine."

"Hello! Hello!" bawled Adam, loud enough to be heard half a mile away.

But the shouter did not answer, although Adam repeated it several times, and Tom tried it, too.

Grace watched them intently and kept her eyes fixed off in the fog.

All at once the cry was heard again.

"Hello! Hello! Hello! Ahoy, anybody! Ahoy!"

"It's a megaphone!" exclaimed Tom.

"What's that?" asked Adam.

"Why, have you never heard of the new style of speaking trumpet? That fellow may be a mile away."

"There comes the sun!" cried Adam. "Hooray!"

It cleared off all in a moment, the sun bursting out in a blaze of glory, while the fog banks drifted off to the southwest.

At the same time the thunderous voice was heard again, and the boys saw off to the eastward a small boat bobbing up and down at a great distance away.

There seemed to be only one man in it, and Tom immediately perceived that he was the man with the megaphone, for he threw up the clumsy object and began bellowing through it again.

"Another castaway!" cried Tom. "By gracious! misery loves company! We may as well change our course, Adam, and find out who he is."

"Say, we don't want no more passengers on the Red, White and Blue," replied Adam. "We are crowded to death as it is. I don't know what we shall do if we have to take that fellow aboard."

"All the same we have got to go and see if he needs help and to give it to him if he does," replied Tom. "Hello! Say, he's tumbled over backward into the boat. Poor wretch! He seems to be very weak."

Twice as they watched the man they saw him try to rise, but he immediately fell back again, and the last time he did not attempt to get up again.

Grace, who had watched it all, took the slate and wrote:

"That man acts as though he were drunk."

"I wonder if he is," said Adam, looking over Tom's shoulder as he took the slate.

"She's mighty sharp," replied Tom. "I'm getting over there as fast as I can, so we shall soon know."

As they drew near the boat they could see that it was loaded down with boxes and barrels, which sunk it almost to the water line.

The man, who was a rough-looking, heavily-bearded fellow dressed like a sailor, lay flat on his back with his bare head resting on the bow seat, clutched the megaphone in his hand and seemed to be either asleep or dead.

The boys shouted themselves hoarse, but could get no answer until they were almost up to the boat, when the man suddenly straightened up and stared at them in a stupid way, reeling from side to side.

"Drunk, by thunder!" cried Adam.

He had scarcely spoken when the man, clapping the megaphone to his mouth, staggered to his feet.

"Hello! Ahoy! Saye me!" he bellowed, and then pitching forward, went down head first into the water, the megaphone flying out of his hand.

It was all done so suddenly that the boys were completely taken by surprise.

The man was evidently very drunk.

When he sank he did not rise again.

Tom and Adam looked in every direction, but no trace of him was to be seen.

Not a doubt that the man with the megaphone had been too drunk to save himself; still his pockets must have been as heavily loaded as his head, to carry him down so.

He was gone, but he had left a valuable legacy behind him, for Tom saw at a glance that the boat was loaded with provisions of every kind.

Adam reached out and caught the gunwale, drawing the boat up to the Red, White and Blue.

CHAPTER VII.

OVERBOARD IN THE STORM.

Who was the drunken man in the boat?

That was something which neither the captain nor the crew of the Red, White and Blue ever found out.

The man sank before their eyes and never rose again, and the boat, instead of having a name painted on her stern as most boats do, had nothing at all to indicate to what vessel it had once belonged.

It looked like a new boat, and probably it was, and the owners had neglected to paint on the name.

Of course there was no time spent in grieving for a drunken man by Tom and Adam.

When it became certain that the poor wretch was actually drowned, Tom set about trying to find out something about the cargo of the boat, which had been so strangely thrown into their hands.

Adam lost no time in making it fast to the Red, White and Blue, and he then climbed over into it and made an examination.

"By thunder, Tom! there's a lot of stuff here," he called out. "I believe every one of these cases contain grub."

"What about those kegs and that barrel?" asked Tom. "I don't see now the thing kept afloat, big as it is, with such a load as it has on board."

"Well, the barrel is a water barrel all right," replied Adam; "as to the kegs I don't know. One is salt fish, I guess, by the way it smells, and the other has got rum or whisky or some kind of liquor into it. Guess that fellow must have drank most of it up. It seems rather light."

"Come back here, Adam, and I'll go over and take a look. What is it, Grace?"

Grace had touched him on the arm.

"I think that stuff was on board of our steamer. I believe that was one of our boats," she wrote on the slate.

It may have been so, but they could not prove it.

Grace declared in writing that she had not been able to get a good look at the drowned man's face, and so could not tell whether he was one of the crew of the lost steamer or not, so the matter remained a mystery of the sea, for Tom came to the conclusion that while Grace might be right, she might just as well be wrong.

He climbed over into the boat and found that the cargo was indeed a most valuable one to them in their present fix.

There were cases of canned soup, canned meat and fish and several kinds of vegetables, besides a barrel of water, a keg of salt fish and one partly filled with rum, besides a tub of butter, a number of tins of ship's biscuit and various odds and ends, all immensely valuable to them if they should remain long adrift.

As the boat was so heavily loaded that the wonder was it did not sink, the boys at once proceeded to lighten ship, and a good part of the cargo was stowed away on the Red, White and Blue.

The water barrel they were not able to move, so that had to be left in its place in the bow, while the rum keg was tumbled overboard.

All danger of starvation had now passed, and Tom found himself ready to face the situation with a lighter heart.

"We will stand due west, Adam," he said, "and if this weather only holds, of course it can't be long before we make land somewhere."

"Dunno," said Adam, uneasily. "Looks to me as if there was going to be another blow."

The clouds were gathering in the west, and there certainly were some signs of a storm.

Tom did not see it, however; he thought it only the remains of the storms which had just passed away, and as the day wore on and brought no change, he laughed at Adam's fears and declared that he was right.

There was very little wind, and the sail flapped idly the greater part of the day.

Grace proved a great help. She took right hold and constituted herself cook, and at noon put a splendid dinner on the table, followed by as dainty a little supper at night as any one could ask for.

In the evening, although they had made but little headway, the party in the Red, White and Blue was a cheerful one. Tom was a good singer, and as Adam loved to hear him, he sang song after song while Grace sat and watched them silently.

Although she could not hear, she declared that she could feel music in a certain way, but the boys found it pretty hard to understand what she could mean by that.

"I'm first watch to-night, Tom," said Adam. "Take your sleep till midnight. When the clock in the cabin strikes twelve I'll wake you up and turn in."

Adam might just as well have said, "turn down," for Tom rolled himself up in a big blanket and lay down on the seat

in the cockpit, for although Grace protested against it, the boys insisted that she should have the cabin to herself.

Tom slept as sound as a top, but after a while he began to dream that they were out in the storm again, and the Red, White and Blue was sinking.

He dreamed that he had been washed overboard and that Adam was trying to pull him out of the water, and he thought he was trying to grab the gunwale, when all at once he awoke to find Adam shaking him and the boat, tossing about tremendously.

"Wake up! Wake up, Tom!" Adam shouted, his voice scarcely audible above the howling of the wind. "The mast has gone by the board and carried the sail with it! We are being blown to blazes! What in thunder shall we do?"

Now Adam Easy belled his name, for he was just no good at all in an emergency, and there was an emergency of the worst kind on hand now.

Tom staggered to his feet, and throwing the blanket aside, stared about.

A furious gale was sweeping the Red, White and Blue still further out to sea.

The mast lay flat, broken off short, just above the deck line, and the sail was flapping wildly in the water, laying the staunch little craft over on her beam ends.

"The axe, Adam! The axe!" shouted Tom. "We've got to lighten ship! We have got to cut away here. Lively now! Lively or we are lost!"

Adam sprang for the axe which was in a locker forward, while Tom made one wild effort to secure the sail.

And, strange as it may seem, that was the time Tom's dream came true, for before he knew where he was at he was swept overboard and found himself all mixed up with the flapping sail.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOST IN THE GRASSY SEA.

The first part of Tom's dream had come true, and the second part was speedily realized, for Adam sprang to the gunwale, caught Tom by the collar and held on for dear life.

"Catch hold! Catch hold!" he cried. "I can't hold on but a minute, the old thing bobs about so! Oh, Tom, what shall I do?"

"Keep cool! Hold on, that's all!" replied Tom. "We'll get there. That's the talk. Now the axe, Adam, or we shall all go to Davy Jones."

Tom climbed into the boat again, and seizing the axe which Adam had dropped upon the deck at the great risk of having it washed overboard, cut the mast free.

It was instantly swept away, sail and all, and the Red, White and Blue righted.

Tom shook himself, stared around and tried to grasp the situation.

It was not raining, but the force of the wind was tremendous.

Fact was, the boys were on the edge of a northeaster and being rapidly blown out to sea.

"We are in the soup now!" groaned Adam. "Without either mast or sail what are we going to do?"

"Row," said Tom. "I don't give up. The little boat is standing it well."

"Can't row, because the oars were swept overboard," replied Adam. "Like a fool I left them on deck."

"And there are no oars to the small boat! Well, we are in a fine fix for fair. But say, Adam, didn't you see it coming? How came you to lose your sail?"

"It came all in a minute," replied Adam, dolefully, "and, well, I suppose I might as well own up, Tom. I was asleep. I dropped off without knowing it, but I don't think I slept a great while."

Tom said nothing. He did not like to reproach Adam for his negligence, but, however long or short the time he had slept at his post, it had been long enough to do the business, and here they were helpless in the storm.

It was the beginning of trouble.

All night long the gale continued, although the best part of the time the stars were out.

Grace never woke up until morning, and the wind was blowing just as hard when she finally put in an appearance, and what is more it continued to blow for three days and two more nights.

By this time the Red, White and Blue was hopelessly lost

on the trackless ocean, and Tom began to realize how desperate their situation really was.

When the wind finally died down it turned blazing hot, and the water had assumed a bright-blue appearance which told its own story.

The little craft with its small boat in tow had been blown far down into the tropics, hundreds of miles from the place where the boys had started out.

And besides the intense heat there was another sign which told its story.

The water was full of gulf weed. It was light yellow in color and occurred in large patches and assumed the most beautiful forms.

Grace thought that they were nearing Cuba or some other one of the West India Islands, but two more days passed and still there was no sign of land.

Without mast, sail or oars, the Red, White and Blue was now entirely at the mercy of the waves, and kept on drifting sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, according to the wind.

As the days wore on, there was less and less wind, and the gulf weed grew so thick that there were times when they could scarcely see the water.

One morning when Tom awoke—his had been the first watch the night before—he found the whole surface of the water covered with vegetation.

It extended for miles and miles. There was not a trace of water anywhere as far as the eye could reach.

"Well! Well! Well!" cried Tom, in astonishment, "this is a great sight!"

"Isn't it," replied Adam. "I've been looking at it for an hour. There don't seem to be any end to the stuff as far as I can see."

"Nor any current either," said Tom. "It looks bad, Adam. Mighty bad!"

"Why?"

"Why? Can you ask? How are we to get through all this? The boat don't appear to move at all. There is no fun in lying here with the blazing hot sun beating down upon us, but that's what we are booked for, or I greatly miss my mark. We must have crossed the Gulf Stream long ago, and there can be only one explanation of all this."

"It has been your idea from the first that we crossed the Gulf Stream during the second storm," said Adam. "I never said you were not right, but I always heard that this weed grew thick in the Gulf Stream."

"Not as thick as this."

"It's mighty thick, Tom, but say, old man, you are worried. I can see it in your face. There has been something on your mind for the last twenty-four hours. Why don't you spit it out?"

"Well, I don't want to scare you, Adam, but I do feel blue."

"Pitch in! Don't be afraid of scaring me. We are both in the same boat, I guess."

"Three in a boat, and here comes the third, looking fresh as a daisy, as she always does!" cried Tom, as Grace emerged from the cabin."

"Grace is troubled, too," said Adam. "I believe she does a lot of thinking all to herself. Pity she can't talk."

"Why, she must live in her own thoughts," replied Tom. "It is always so with these deaf and dumb people; but see, she is going to write."

Grace took up her slate and wrote two words.

They were words which Adam did not understand, but Tom did, and they only increased his uneasiness.

"The Saragossa," was what Grace wrote on the slate.

Tom nodded.

"Never mind!" wrote Grace. "There is plenty on board yet. We can live for weeks. Keep up a good heart, Tom Tuttle. We shall yet be saved."

"What does she mean?" asked Adam. "What's she trying to say?"

"She says what's true," replied Tom, dismally. "It is the Saragossa. We are lost in the grassy sea!"

is," he said. "As for this grassy sea business, the sea hasn't been anything but grassy for the last three days, so I don't see as we are any worse off than we were before."

"That's where you are wrong," replied Tom. "We are worse off. Ever so much so, for we are liable to stop for the next three months among these weeds, and indeed it wouldn't be at all surprising if we died here, and the boat stayed in the Saragossa till she rots away."

"Well, that's pleasant; but the thought don't seem to hinder Grace from getting breakfast," replied Adam. "There she is working away same as usual, but what's this Saragossa—that's what I want to know?"

"Why, this is it," replied Tom. "If Grace is right, and I believe she is, you see it all around you. The Saragossa is a place out in these seas where the weeds grow just as you see them now, and owing to some peculiarity of the ocean currents they always remain in position and the whole mass moves around in a vast circle. In the middle of this circle there is almost no current, and it is said to be full of floating wrecks which have drifted into the Saragossa and there remained for years and years. I have read that some navigators have seen ships there of ancient pattern which seemed to be a hundred years old or more."

"Gee!" cried Adam. "That's agreeable. Why don't they drift out?"

"I told you why. The general movement of the weed is circular, and in the center there is little or no movement, and seldom or never any wind. They simply can't get out. They call it the Graveyard on account of these wrecks."

"Pleasant. And are we in the center, do you suppose?"

"Probably not, or we should see the wrecks; we seem to be moving slightly, though, and as we don't get out of the weed I can't help thinking that we are going round and round in a circle, but another day will tell the story, so I suppose there is no use worrying. Anyhow it can't be helped."

It was red-hot that day, and when night came on the sun went down like a vast fiery ball, leaving the scorching atmosphere scarcely changed.

Tom had first watch, and when Grace went into her cabin at nine o'clock Adam lay right down and went to sleep.

It was useless to try to steer now; the boys had given it up long ago, and the watch was only kept up as a matter of form.

The hours dragged slowly on. Tom had all he could do to keep awake, still he forced himself to it, in the faint hope that he might see a sail, or what would be more welcome still, a trail of black smoke from some steamer's funnel.

It was the latter which was the most probable also, for only steamers attempt to cross the Grassy Sea.

The little clock in the cabin had struck twelve, and Tom was just beginning to think of waking Adam, when all at once a strange sound came across the water which made Tom wonder if his imagination was playing tricks with him in the silence of the moonlight night.

He listened intently. There was no mistaking it. Certainly it seemed as if he could hear music, and it sounded like a banjo in the far distance. He was just about to call Adam when something else occurred more startling still, which drove the supposed music out of his head, and that something was just what he had been longing for these many days.

Tom had been sitting with his face toward the stern of the Red, White and Blue, but now in the effort to make out from which direction the supposed banjo playing came, he turned and looked forward, when to his intense surprise, he saw the black hull of a ship at no great distance away, but considerably off toward the east.

Tom forgot all about the banjo playing instantly and hurriedly awakened Adam.

Though the movement of the boat was slow, Tom had known for some time that it was constant, and he saw that they were likely to drift past the ship.

Adam tumbled up in a great state of excitement.

"There's some sort of a craft out there, that's certain," he said, "but it's a queer one. Where are her masts? I don't see no sails."

"She don't seem to have any masts," replied Tom. "As near as I can make out she is a wreck and—gracious, Adam! There's another one right behind her. Look! Look!"

"Blamed if you hain't right, Tom! The other one hain't got no masts neither. Queer there should be two wrecks so close together."

"There's another away over there!" cried Tom, getting more and more excited.

Far in the distance another hull could be seen, and soon they saw others—four or five of them.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SHIPS IN THE GRAVEYARD

Adam sat down on the edge of the cockpit and tried to look dismal, too, but it was not easy, for he took a pretty cheerful view of things as a rule.

"I am waiting for some one to tell me what the Saragossa

"It's the Graveyard!" cried Tom. "We have worked our way into the center of the Saragossa at last."

It was the most dismal scene imaginable; to sit there looking off at all those wrecks in the moonlight was very depressing, but the boys had no time given them to think about it, for just then the Red, White and Blue had so shifted her position that they could look beyond the second of the two hulks which had first attracted their attention.

Behind the second was a third hulk trailing after.

All were mastless, and as the boys now had a better view of them they saw that they were of ancient pattern, with high sterns and windows on the sides of the hull.

"Regular old timers," said Tom. "What if—but no, that's nonsense, I won't allow myself to think about it, for it's simply absurd."

"Hark!" cried Adam. "I hear music."

"So do I," cried Tom. "I heard it before, and I thought I was going looney. What's it sound like to you?"

"Like a banjo. Oh, I hear it plain enough."

"And so do I. It can't be imagination with both of us, that's a sure thing."

The boys listened in silence for a long time. The sound continued for a while, and then suddenly ceased.

Heard there in the moonlight with the floating wrecks all around them there was something weird about this strange music.

Adam shuddered and looked queer.

"I don't like all this," he muttered. "See, Tom, there are ten wrecks visible now. Count 'em for yourself if you don't believe it, old man."

"I've counted them," said Tom. "We are light, and we move faster than they do. We are going to see more and more of them as the night wears on."

"Geel!" cried Adam, suddenly. "What if we should happen to strike those three treasure wrecks that your great-grandfather's paper tells about? It has just come into my head that—"

"Look!" broke in Tom. "It's absurd, of course, but look! The paper says the three wrecked treasure ships were fastened together. What about those over there?"

Tom pointed to the three hulks which had first attracted his attention, now at no great distance away.

There they were trailing one after the other, and the moonlight striking down upon them now showed the boys great hawsers between them.

Were they the three treasure wrecks which the paper told about?

They certainly looked ancient enough to be anything.

But nearly a hundred years had passed.

It could not be!

As Tom said, it was too absurd.

CHAPTER X.

A HUNDRED YEARS ADRIFT.

Tom and Adam had certainly made a strange discovery, let the explanation be what it might.

They had drifted into the famous Graveyard of the Grassy Sea.

If rumor was to be believed, many a poor sailor had been there before them, although few have ever come out to tell the tale.

"Can those really be the wrecked treasure ships, Tom?" asked Adam, looking off at the old hulks with silent awe.

"Now don't say that again!" cried Tom, briskly. "I tell you what it is, Adam, right now is our time to work. We can do more at night than we can under the blazing hot sun. Let's pitch in and see what we can find in these old wrecks."

Now Adam was a born wrecker—he came of an old family of wreckers who had followed the business from away back, and his spirit was aroused to the highest pitch by seeing all these wrecks around him now.

"Say, Tom, we ought to get a fortune out of this here thing," he declared. "I'm in it, boy. Anyhow we'll be sure to raise a sail out of it and a pair of oars or two. This means good business, and it may mean getting out of this blamed slow snap we've fallen into."

"We are drifting past the wrecks," said Tom, dolefully. "I don't see what we are going to do."

"There's the small boat," suggested Adam.

"But what can we do with that without oars, any better than the Red, White and Blue?"

"There's them seats," suggested Adam, the practical. "There hain't no need of more than one to sit on. We can knock the others out and row with them, I suppose?"

"And leave Grace behind? Suppose the Red, White and Blue drifts away?"

"She moves so blamed slow, Tom."

"She moves fast enough to get out of the way most beautifully if we spend any time on the wrecks, but what we might do is to work the rowboat around in front and make her fast to the Red, White and Blue. It will be a pretty heavy tow, of course, but still I guess we can manage it. At all events I am going to try."

It was high time that they tried something if they expected to have a look at the inside of the three wrecks, for they were slowly but surely drifting past them.

The water of the Grassy Sea appears to move in circular currents, which causes the wrecks in the Graveyard to move round and round each other.

It is a strange state of affairs altogether, and but little understood.

Tom now started to put his plan into action. He climbed over into the rowboat and knocked out the two middle seats, substituting for them two empty boxes, and then casting off by aid of the seats he managed to propel the boat through the tangled mass of seaweed around in front of the Red, White and Blue, where he threw the line to Adam, who made fast at the bow.

"That's the talk!" cried Adam. "How do the oars work, Tom?"

"They work, and that's about all. I don't think I shall try to take out a patent on them. Looks to me rather doubtful if we are able to tow the Red, White and Blue."

"We can make a try at it, anyhow. I'm coming over, Tom."

"Come ahead. We are getting pretty well past the wrecks. Whatever is to be done has got to be done right away."

Adam climbed over into the rowboat and the boys began their toilsome work.

The seaweed would itself around the boards in the most discouraging fashion. It was next to impossible to take a regular stroke, but after a long struggle the boys managed to work pretty close to the floating wreck.

Now during all this time the banjo music had ceased to be heard, and Tom found it very hard to believe that it was anything but imagination.

Adam talked about ghosts on the wrecks and declared that he wouldn't go aboard for a hundred dollars, and although Tom laughed at his fears, there was certainly something weird about the strange old hulks with their high sterns and windows.

Although Tom had often seen pictures of just such ships, it was another thing to be able to sit there and actually look at these relics of a bygone age.

"Look at the barnacles," cried Adam; "by gracious, the sides are just covered with them. I never saw such big ones in all my life."

"Yes, and think how many years it has taken for them to grow there. That's a century's work sure."

"Do you really think those ships can be a hundred years old, Tom?"

"There can't be the least doubt that they are nearly that, Adam. Look at the build of them. Did you ever see ships like those before?"

"Never in all my life. They are the queerest old arks that ever got in front of my eyes. You don't catch me going aboard of them, that's flat."

Adam had scarcely made this emphatic statement, when the banjo music broke out again louder than ever, and they could distinctly hear a man's voice singing an accompaniment to the tune.

"Great Scott! What can it mean!" cried Tom.

"It means ghosts, that's what it means!" said Adam, with a shudder. "Let's get out of here, Tom! By thunder, all the dollars that were ever made in Mexico wouldn't tempt me to go aboard those wrecks!"

"That's all right for you," said Tom, "but I don't scare for a cent. Pull, Adam! Pull a few strokes more, and we can get a sight of the stern. I'm dying with curiosity to see the name."

Adam's hand shook so that he could scarcely work the seat, but Tom pulled vigorously, and it was a strong oar on his side that was needed to throw the boat around so that they could see the stern of the wreck.

The moon was at its full, lighting up the scene almost with the brightness of day, and Tom was able to see the name without the least difficulty.

"Marshall Morgan—Cadiz," was the way it read.

Tom looked up at the old hulk with silent awe.

It was one of the three treasure wrecks mentioned in the document found in his grandfather's iron box.

For almost a hundred years it had been floating round and round in the Grassy Sea.

CHAPTER XI.

ADAM GOES DOWN INTO THE CABIN OF THE WRECK.

"It's the ship!" said Tom, in awed tones. "It is one of the three treasure wrecks and of course there can't be any doubt that those are the other two hitched on astern."

"Listen!" said Adam. "Listen to the music! I can hear the voice so plain now I can almost make out the words."

"Never mind the music," replied Tom, half-angrily. "Let it go. It doesn't come from this ship. Anyhow, Adam, you can talk up your ghosts all you like. I'm going aboard."

"Don't do it, Tom! Please don't."

"Rats! Rubbish! Whose afraid? There are all kinds of mysteries on the sea, and that music is only another of them. I'm not going to bother my head about it at all. What nonsense to believe in ghosts."

"I don't say it's ghosts," mumbled Adam, "but if it hain't it's something worse."

"What, you ridiculous fellow?"

"Mermaids, Tom. That's what. Mebbe you hain't afraid of them, but I am. I don't want to be dragged down to the bottom of the ocean and eaten up."

Tom laughed heartily.

"Oh, it's mermaids now, is it?" he said. "Well, stick to your theory; it don't do me any harm. Help me work in between the ships here. I'm going aboard the second. I can climb up by the bow anchor that's hanging down there without any trouble at all."

"My uncle seen a mermaid once," said Adam, stubbornly.

"Oh, yes! Of course. She was sitting on a rock and combing her green hair and looking in a looking-glass. That's the way mermaids always do."

"You can laugh as much as you like," persisted Adam. "He seen her off the coast of Brazil; she was singing, too, and playing on a harp. That's right."

"What kind of whisky did your uncle drink?" laughed Tom, plying the seat vigorously.

But Adam was not to be downed so, and he kept prosing away while Tom worked the boat into position directly under the bow anchor of the second ship.

"Hold on now, Adam! Shut up about the mermaid for a few minutes!" he cried. "Light the lantern. Give me that small line. I'm going aboard."

Adam continued to protest vigorously, but Tom did not pay the slightest attention to him.

He made the line fast about his waist, and instructing Adam to send up the lantern as soon as he got aboard he gave a quick spring upward, caught the anchor and pulled himself up upon the flukes.

"Can you get up by the chain?" called Adam.

"Yes, of course I can, easy enough, and I'm going to do it, too. Good-by, Adam! Here goes! I'm going to interview your ghosts!"

Then Tom went up the anchor chain like a monkey, and almost before Adam knew it he was on the deck.

"Hello!" cried Adam. "What's up there, Tom?"

"Nothing. Deck swept clean! No mermaids! No ghosts. Make fast, Adam. Run me up the lantern. Say, you had better come up, too, and see what all this is going to lead to. Remember the dollars in the hold."

Adam made fast and ran up the lantern before replying.

"Hey, Tom!" he sung out then.

"Well?" said Tom, untying the lantern from the rope.

"I'm a-comin'."

"I thought so. That old curiosity of yours has got the better of you. Come on. No ghosts here!"

"Let up, will you! I never said nothing about ghosts, it was you. Here I come!"

It did not take Adam long to get on deck. A dreary scene met his gaze.

Tom had made no mistake when he said that there was nothing on the deck, for of all that once had been there remained only heaps of rotten wood and odds and ends of iron.

The deck timber had shrunk so that wide seams lay open between them.

In many places they also had rotted away and fallen,

leaving great gaps through which glimpses of the cabin could be had, and at other points the planks trembled so as the boys tiptoed over them that they were seriously afraid of falling into the cabins themselves.

"It's a terrible pokerish place, Tom," whispered Adam. "Wish I was back in the boat."

"Go, then. I'm going to put it through."

"But I don't want to leave you alone here."

"Oh, shut up. Come on. We are going to find those dollars. I feel it all over me. Now then! Now then! Look where you step. Hello! What's this? A sign which must have been on one of the deck houses. Here we have the name, Adam. Yes, it is just as I suspected. This is another of the treasure wrecks."

Tom flashed the lantern down upon the rotten old piece of wood.

"General Del Rio—Cadiz," was the way the letters read.

The case was no longer doubtful.

This was the second of the treasure wrecks, and there could not be the slightest doubt that the third, the San Mateo, was trailing astern.

"This is business!" cried Tom. "Now we go at it, Adam. We have got to get down into the hold."

"Here's the stairs," said Adam. "Show your light, Tom, and I'll go down!"

"Hello! Hello!" cried Tom. "We are picking up courage, are we? Ghosts in the cabin, Adam! Mermaids swimming in the bilge water, playing on harps and combing their hair."

"I don't care," replied Adam, stoutly. "I'll show you that I'm no more of a coward than you are. Show the glim! I'm going down!"

And Adam did go down with a vengeance.

Scarcely had he descended three steps when the whole stairs suddenly collapsed and went rattling down into the darkness below.

CHAPTER XII.

NAPOLEON'S DOLLARS.

"Adam! Adam!" shouted Tom, half paralyzed with the suddenness of the catastrophe. "Are you hurt, old man?"

There was a grunt and a groan and a gurgle, and then Adam in scared tones called out: "Well, no! I hain't hurt none, I guess, but I'm under a lot of timber all right. I can't get out, Tom."

"Keep still!" cried Tom. "I'll fix you! Here, I'll leave you the lantern. Can you see it? Can you see me?"

"Can't see nothing," was the reply. "I'm stuck under the stairs. The whole business is resting on my legs."

"All right! I'll fix it!" cried Tom, and he ran forward and returned with the rope.

It was a good stout one, and Tom felt no hesitation in trusting his weight to it. There was a big iron ring near where the top of the stairs had rested, to which he made it fast, and then taking the lantern in his teeth he went down hand over hand, landing on the broken stairway in the cabin.

There was not a sound except Adam's groaning.

No rats went skurrying away; there was no signs of life anywhere.

Queer old articles of furniture were scattered about topsyturvy. Many had rotted and lay in fragments.

It was ruin and decay wherever Tom's eyes rested, but the scene, while it would have been a prize for an artist, would take entirely too long to describe, with Adam lying under the broken stairs, so we must get him out of his disagreeable position as soon as possible.

Tom simply did it, so there is no more to be said.

Adam was considerably bruised, although not hurt at all, but he was very "mad" with the stairs.

"The blamed old thing went right down under me," he growled, shaking his fist at it. "The only comfort there is in it, Tom, is that it was me instead of you."

"I'm taking my chances, Adam. I lead the way after this."

"Wish you would. I'm always tumbling into something or other, dear knows. Say, Tom, this is a queer old joint. You can't blame a fellow for thinking of ghosts here."

"Ghosts be hanged! I'm after the dollars. What we want is the hold, and I don't suppose there is any way of getting into it from here. More than likely we have got to go on deck again, and tackle the main hatch, but anyhow we will have a look."

"Look out for skeletons. Some of them old Spaniards may have died here."

"Maybe so. I doubt it, though. They didn't use to bother about keeping prisoners much in those days. When the pirates captured a ship they cut the throats of the crew, tumbled them overboard or hung them to the yardarm."

The boys now started off on a regular tour of exploration.

There were three cabins, one connecting with the other, and all sorts of queer things were found in them, but there were no skeletons and nothing to show that there had been anybody on board the General Del Rio at the time she was abandoned.

At last the boys came to a little room well forward, and upon opening it, found themselves in a sort of gangway with movable doors instead of windows on the sides.

Tom opened one of these doors, which let in a flood of moonlight, and then they found what they were looking for, a hatch set in the deck.

It had been nailed fast, but the frame was so rotten that there was no difficulty in raising it, the whole frame coming away with the hatch.

A frightful stench came rushing out. The boys drew back, half smothered, and the lantern flickered with a yellow glare.

"Gee! We can't never go down there!" cried Adam. "Let's get back, Tom, and take it in the daylight. Besides, if Grace happens to wake up and finds us missing, she will be scared half to death."

"I don't back out," replied Tom. "I've undertaken to put it through, and I'm going to do it."

"You'll smother down there sure."

"Give it ten minutes to clear itself. There must be airholes somewhere in the old hulk. It can't be so bad."

"Better try it with the light and see."

"That's easy done. It won't take a minute, either. We will take off the glass and let the lantern down slowly. There isn't a breath of air stirring, so it can't go out."

Tom tried it, but before he had lowered the lantern two yards it did go out, and all he was able to see was the ladder fastened to the deck below the trapdoor and leading down into the hold.

"The air is pretty bad, after all, I guess," said Adam. "We had better give it the ten minutes, Tom."

They waited, and then tried it again, this time with complete success, the lantern descending until it came to a pile of small kegs, where it rested, burning with that same richly yellow glare.

"There they are! There they are!" cried Adam, full of excitement now.

"That's what," exclaimed Tom. "Look, Adam; this isn't the main hold. It is too small. It is just a little place partitioned off to receive those kegs. The rest of the hold is ballasted, I suppose. Hold on now! I'm going down."

"Look out the ladder don't break under you, same as the stairs did with me."

"I'm going to chance it. I'll jump if I feel it going. Here's for a start. Don't you put a foot on it till I am down."

Then Tom swung himself through the hatch and dropped upon the ladder.

It trembled, but it bore his weight, and in a moment he stood upon the kegs.

Putting the glass in place upon the lantern, he seized the first one he could lay his hands on, and tried to pull it out of the pile.

Instantly the keg fell apart, and out rolled a stream of silver coins.

"Hooray!" shouted Tom. "We've struck it, Adam. Here's Napoleon's dollars! I don't doubt that every keg is full!"

CHAPTER XIII.

DOLLARS! DOLLARS! DOLLARS!

Tom had made a big discovery, and in his excitement he shouted until the echoes of the hold were aroused again and again, while Adam came hurrying down the ladder to have a look for himself.

There was no imagination about Napoleon's dollars at all events, whatever there might be about the mysterious music.

The boys picked up great handfuls of coins and examined them more closely by the lantern's light.

They all bore the head of the Spanish King on one side and the Arms of Spain, a shield with castles and lions between two pillars on the other, and were what are known as Spanish "pillar dollars," or "pieces of eight," meaning eight scales in value.

At the present price of silver they were not worth more than half the amount that Tom's great grandfather had estimated them at.

Instead of being worth a dollar each, their actual value was but a little over fifty cents.

Still if the kegs were all full, and if each hulk had its store of kegs, the total value must amount to a large fortune, as Tom very well knew.

But here they were in the Graveyard of the Grassy Sea.

How were these dollars to be removed?

Tom could not enthuse over them as much as he otherwise would have done, for there seemed no possible way of escaping from this dreadful position, and even if they could have done so, how were they to carry the dollars on the Red, White and Blue?

"Why," said Adam, dolefully, "we could not even carry a third of this pile of kegs without swamping us and what about all the rest, if all three wrecks are loaded down alike?"

"That's the snag," said Tom. "Mighty little good they are likely to do us, but still it is a satisfaction to have found them."

"Hadn't we better look into one of the other kegs?" asked Adam. "I suppose they are all just as rotten and they will break as soon as we touch them."

This was not so, however.

The kegs were strongly made, and although the boys tumbled them around considerably, no other broke.

As they had nothing to open them with, it was not possible to sample them further, so the boys had to satisfy themselves with filling their pockets and returning to the Red, White and Blue, where they passed the remainder of the night, sleeping like respectable citizens, for now that they were fast to the General Del Rio, which had floated about for nearly a century undisturbed, Tom could see little use in keeping up the watch.

Tom was first awake, and he took his morning tumble in among the gulf weed.

It was queer bathing, but better than nothing, for it served to cool him off, and the night had been a fearfully hot one.

After he had resumed his clothes, Tom took the dollars and arranged them in a row on the cabin table, curious to see how Grace would take it when she came out of her stateroom and saw them.

This happened about six o'clock.

Adam was still asleep when Grace suddenly came through the cabin door with her "Good-morning, Tom Tuttle," and then she stood there staring about in surprise.

And well she might.

Not only were the boats made fast to a great towering ship, but off in the distance wrecks floated on all sides of them. Tom had already counted twenty-six, and owing to their position under the bow of the General Del Rio he felt sure that he did not see them all.

What is it?" wrote Grace. "What ships are these? How did we come here? What is the meaning of that money on the table? What have you been doing during the night?"

It took Tom a good half hour to write out the answers to all the questions written.

At last Grace, with a sigh, wrote.

"Well, we can't get away with all this money, so I don't see what good it is going to do us," and then she went down into the cook room and began her morning work.

Tom did not try to tell her anything about the mysterious music, for he felt that it would be next to impossible to make her understand it, and so he just didn't try.

The morning wore on and brought further discoveries with it.

Adam woke up about breakfast time and chatted away about the dollars as they sat about the little table.

Grace watched him with her usual inquiring look, but she did not write anything, for she never tried to hold any communication with Adam, except to say good-morning in her usual way.

It was hotter than ever that day, but this did not prevent the boys from exploring the other wrecks.

Right away after breakfast the Red, White and Blue was moved down to the next hulk, and the boys went aboard.

Here the destruction was not so complete, the deck house was still standing, and the name "San Mateo," was prominently displayed.

Grace was very anxious to come aboard, so Tom rigged up a sort of "boatswain's chair," by means of a piece of board and rope, and then hoisted her up.

While the search for the dollars was being made, Grace searched the cabins and found many things in the way of dishes, knives and forks and cooking utensils that she thought

would be useful to her, and she had just brought them all up on deck when Tom came hurrying up to her and led her forward and down into just such another treasure room as they had found on the General Del Rio.

It was well filled with kegs, just the same as the other one had been.

Tom had brought the axe along with him this time, and he lost no time in opening several of the kegs.

They were all filled with the silver dollars.

The outside layers were much tarnished, but in the middle of the keg the dollars were as bright as on the day they were minted.

It was impossible to count the kegs, they were so wedged in, but there were a great many of them, and when later on they were aboard of the Marshal Morgan, another treasure room with its store of dollars was also found.

"We are rich, Adam!" cried Tom, when at last they returned to the Red, White and Blue; "but a lot of good it is going to do us. We can't get out of the Graveyard ourselves, much less get away with the three treasure wrecks."

CHAPTER XIV.

"ABOUT THE MAN WHO RAN AROUND IN THE GRAVEYARD."

The day passed and night came again.

It had been a day of wonderful discoveries; from the deck of the Morgan the boys counted forty-four wrecks floating in the Graveyard, but whether they had passed out of sight of the ones they had seen the night before, or not, they could not determine.

All seemed to have a slow motion, and the Red, White and Blue now moved with them.

Tom would have liked very much to have explored some of the others, but that was next to impossible, for it would have required the greatest effort to work either the Red, White and Blue or the rowboat through the gulf weed, even to the nearest of them, and no one thought of making the attempt.

"I see a way out for ourselves, though," Tom remarked to Adam that evening as they sat talking together in the cockpit, after Grace had retired. "We have got plenty of wood now, and it won't take us any great length of time to make a couple of pairs of oars. With their help we ought to be able to work our way out of the Graveyard, and perhaps escape from the Grassy Sea altogether. We will make a big try for it, anyhow."

Adam highly approved of the plan, and then they fell to talking about the mysterious music again, and they were still talking about it when all at once the twang of the banjo was heard again.

Tom was on the alert at once. "I'm going to solve this mystery!" he cried. "Let's go aboard, Adam! We can get a better view of the Graveyard from the deck of the ship."

At this time they were hitched to the Morgan, and they lost no time in climbing upon her deck.

It was just as bright as the night before, and they could see a long distance over the weedy expanse.

"You go astern, Adam, and see what you can discover in that direction," said Tom. "I'll take it here forward. We will watch just as long as the music keeps up. Hello! There's the singing again! Your mermaid has got to work."

Long and earnestly Tom strained eyes and ears to make out the meaning of these mysterious sounds, which certainly did not seem to come from any great distance away.

At last, after Adam had called out several times that he could see nothing, Tom was suddenly startled by seeing something rise up out of the weeds, apparently, which looked very much like a man.

"Adam! Adam!" he shouted. "I see your mermaid at last!"

"Gee!" cried Adam. "You don't say! Well, I've struck something, too, which are worth all the mermaids in creation! Oh, Tom, look here!"

Tom gave a joyful shout as Adam came running toward him with a pair of oars.

"I found them hidden under a lot of rubbish astern there!" cried Adam, "and there are two more pairs besides. Oh, Tom! This is what we want! We can get out of the Graveyard now."

"It's a big find!" cried Tom. "Fixed as we are now, it is worth more than all the dollars on the three treasure wrecks, but look on there, Adam, and tell me what you see."

The music had ceased now, and the voice of the mysterious

singer was no longer heard, but Tom thought he saw something that he wanted Adam to confirm, for he could scarcely believe the plain evidence of his own eyes.

Adam looked in the direction toward which Tom pointed, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"Gee! I don't understand this! I seem to see a man running!"

That's right. Running over the weeds. There's your mermaid, Adam, only it's a he one, a merman, so to speak!"

"Say, I wonder if I'm going crazy," muttered Adam. "I do see it, though, Tom."

"So do I. Can't understand it. He hasn't got any clothes on, has he?"

"That's the way it looks to me."

"And he is running to the left now."

"Yes; now he turns and is running the other way."

"That's just what I see," said Tom, "so it can't be any delusion. I wish I could understand it, but I'll be blessed if I can at all. How far away should you say it was, Adam?"

"Why, not over half a mile. Of course it is mighty hard to make out distance in the moonlight, but that is the way it looks to me."

"Just what I think. I'm going to give him the hail. I don't know as my voice will carry that far, but I'm going to try."

Thus saying, Tom put both hands against his mouth and gave a screech loud enough to wake all the dead in the Graveyard, if, indeed, dead men have ears to hear.

The effect was instantaneous, and it knocked the bottom square out of the ghost theory, which Adam secretly believed.

The man who was running about the Graveyard instantly stopped and looked all around.

Then he put his hand against his mouth, and in a minute the boys heard floating across the Graveyard:

"Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!"

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND?

"It's alive!" cried Adam. "Oh, Tom! it's alive!"

"You bet it is!" replied Tom, "but what is he standing on? That's what beats me!"

The hello now came again, and the man, stooping down, raised up with something which looked like a bit of white cloth and waved it violently, but as he waved it in the wrong direction, it was pretty certain that he did not see the boys on the Morgan.

"He's not on to us yet," said Tom, "let's give him another call."

They shouted and shouted, and the man shouted back and kept waving the white rag, and at last he seemed to catch sight of the boys, for he threw up his hands wildly and ran forward a short distance, and there stopped and began to wave again.

"He sees us," said Tom. "He's all alive, whoever he is. Adam, we have got to make a try to get over there."

"I knew you'd say it," replied Adam, "and I'm ready. I suppose we can do it, too, now that we have the oars."

"He must be standing on some sort of a raft," said Tom. "It can't be anything else."

"Then it must be an almighty big one."

"That's what it must. We shall soon know, though. I'm for taking the small boat and making a try for it now."

"As well now as any time. I wish I could make him understand what we are going to do."

"I'll try," said Adam. He pointed to himself and then to the man several times.

In answer the man began beckoning to them.

He pointed to his mouth, and then to his stomach, and then shook his head.

"He wants to tell us that he is starving" cried Tom. "We must get a move on us. Whoever the fellow is, Adam, he is evidently in a worse fix than we are, and we have got to help him if we can."

The boys now returned to the Red, White and Blue, taking the oars with them.

Their first move was to empty the small boat of its boxes, which were piled on deck, and then when all was ready Tom cast off and they started to row through the gulf weed in the direction of the music, which had started up again.

They were now too low down in the water to see the man, and although they strained their eyes to their utmost, they could not catch a sight of him.

Tom had laid out a course for himself before coming down from the deck of the Morgan.

He had sighted the wreck of a large schooner which lay directly in the line of where they had seen the man, but somewhat beyond him, and keeping this in his eye, he pulled as vigorously as possible, making very slow headway through the weed.

It was terrible hard pulling, and no mistake.

The weed wound itself around the oars and clung to them so that it could scarcely be broken off, but the boys persevered, and at last Adam sung out that he could see the "flag."

Tom caught sight of the man at the same instant.

He still seemed to be standing directly on the weed and kept waving the white rag.

Little by little, as they drew nearer, the boys were able to see the outlines of something which looked like an immensely long raft, extending in both directions away from the man.

"Why, it must be a big timber raft!" he exclaimed. "That's it, Adam! I'll bet you what you like it is a big raft of Georgia pine, which has been blown away over into the Grassy Sea in some gale off Hatteras. That's the explanation of it. There can't be any other. You will find that I am right."

A little more pulling, and they were near enough to hear what the man said, when he shouted, as he kept doing from time to time.

"Hello! Hello! Who are you? Who are you?" came the cry across the weeds.

"We are a couple of Jersey boys!" yelled Tom. "We have drifted into the Grassy Sea. Do you hear what we say?"

"I hear!" came the answer. "My name is Tim Tolliver. I'm from Brunswick, Georgia. Do you see my raft?"

"We see it now!" yelled Tom, "but we didn't before."

"It's a big one!" came the answer. "We lost our tug off Hatteras. We were bound for Norfolk, Virginia. I've been in here among the weed for two whole months. My mates are all dead, and I'm almost starved to death. Can you do anything for me, boys?"

"Lots!" replied Tom. "We have got a sailboat over there and plenty of grub and water. We will take good care of you, Tim!"

The man sank down out of sight, then the boys worked their way up to the raft, where they found the poor wretch just coming out of a fainting fit, from which they helped to revive him.

Tim Tolliver had no elaborate story to tell.

He was just a sailor who had shipped on the big lumber raft to help take care of it and work it up to Norfolk, Va.

There had been four of them, he said. Two were washed overboard in the storm, and the third died after the raft drifted into the Grassy Sea, leaving Tim alone.

As long as his supply of provisions held out, poor Tolliver had remained hopeful.

There was a small shelter on the raft, where he was in the habit of sleeping during the heat of the day, but when it came night, he took off his clothes to cool off, and amused himself by playing on his banjo and singing.

It was now a week since his supply of provisions had become exhausted, but for a long time before that Tim had put himself on an allowance of a cracker a day, and that with water, of which he had plenty, formed his only food.

It is hardly necessary to say how joyfully he welcomed the boys, but he did not seem to like the idea of leaving the raft.

"It's worth \$60,000, Tom Tuttle," he said. "That's big salvage, boy! If we could only tow her into port it would make us three rich."

Tom looked at Adam meaningly. He had already cautioned him to say nothing about the dollars until he gave permission, and he was thinking that he could tell Tim Tolliver about bigger salvage than the timber raft if he chose.

"We can't very well tow her over to the Red, White and Blue," he said, "but we can work our boat over to the raft, and if there would only come up a little wind, we might tow her out of the Grassy Sea altogether."

"It's coming!" said Tolliver, oracularly. "Look off there."

"Clouds!" cried Adam. "Oh, Tom!"

It was the first sign of wind they had seen in a week.

Far in the distance over the Graveyard, dark clouds were gathering, which were working their way up toward the moon.

Wind would come with the clouds undoubtedly, but who could tell what would come with the wind?

It might mean escape from the Graveyard, or it might mean death to these unfortunates lost here in the Grassy Sea.

CHAPTER XVI.

WORKING IN THE GRAVEYARD.

A storm in the Grassy Sea is about as unusual a thing as a storm in the desert of Sahara, and yet in both places storms do sometimes come.

"Often and often I have seen it rain and blow like thunder on all sides of me, but never a drop of water or a breath of air in the Graveyard," Tim Tolliver declared to the boys. "Don't feel too sure that we are going to have a blow now. It may never touch us at all."

And so it proved.

Tom and Adam now witnessed strange phenomena.

The sky grew as black as night. The lightning flashed, and the thunder crashed, and they could see torrents of rain descending.

But it was all outside of the charmed circle of the Graveyard.

There all remained as before, and morning dawned with the same intense heat and the sun beat down upon the wrecks with the same old coppery glare.

Tim Tolliver abandoned the raft and went over to the Red, White and Blue in the boat with the boys.

Great was Grace's astonishment when she found that there was a new one to cook for.

The unfortunate raft man was pretty well used up.

It took two days of careful feeding to bring him back to anything like health and strength, for when not eating he slept most of the time sprawled out upon the deck of the Red, White and Blue.

All this time Tom and Adam were laying their plans.

"It's a big thing, Adam, finding that raft," said Tom, next morning after Tim Tolliver had gone off asleep.

"Doesn't do us any more good than finding the dollars," grumbled Adam. "There's a terrible big lot of timber, there, and it's worth a pile of money, of course, but how are we going to get it out of the Graveyard any more than we can the three treasure wrecks?"

"We are going to work for it," replied Tom, emphatically. "I don't believe in sitting down and sucking one's thumb. I believe in work every time, and if you will listen to me, Adam, I will show you just how the thing can be done."

"I'm a-listening," said Adam. "Fire away."

Grace was listening, too—with her eyes.

She sat as she often did, on the edge of the cockpit, watching the movement of Tom's lips.

Tom took the slate, and as he talked to Adam kept scribbling down something of what he was saying, passing it to Grace, rubbing out, writing more, and all mechanically, and talking all the while.

"Here's my scheme, Adam," he said. "That raft, once we can get it started, can be worked out of the Grassy Sea. What we want are long sweeps."

"There are three of us now, and Grace can pull an oar, too, if necessary, and that's four. We must make these sweeps if it takes us a week to do it. Then about the dollars. There's nothing to hinder every keg being put on the raft. The thing has such a degree of buoyancy of itself that we need not fear the weight of the dollars sinking it. Perhaps we can rig up a sail, and once we are out of the Graveyard the wind will help us. I believe that the way of escape is open to us, if we only work."

"I'm ready," said Adam. "Of course we have got to tell this man about our find?"

"We certainly have, and he will have to come in for his full share if we escape."

"That's all right, but I don't see where you are going to get the tools to do this work. You talk about a sail, too. Where are you going to get one, when we haven't even got a sail for the Red, White and Blue?"

"We are going to work for it. Work, work, work! That's the remedy for all our troubles. Everything comes to the man who is willing to work."

"But that don't answer my question, Tom."

"Can't you guess, Adam? Look all around. Don't you understand what I mean?"

"No, I'll be hanged if I do."

"Well, then, here's the first thing on the programme; there are some forty wrecks around us. We can work our way to any of them if we try. Do you suppose for an instant that we are not going to find tools on some one of them? Do you suppose that we are not going to find sails and more provisions and all sorts of things?"

"Hooray!" cried Adam. "Of course we are! Of course it can be done. Bully for you, Tom!"

It will take time," continued Tom, "but in the end success is certain. We will go right at it, and make it a job for every night.

"I suppose it better be done in the night," said Adam. "It is so blazing hot daytimes, that it will just about kill us to try it in the sun. Well, I'm with you. I'm ready to do my share."

"First of all we have got to explain the whole situation to Tolliver," said Tom, and that is what they did as soon as the raft man awoke.

Tim's amazement and interest knew no bounds.

But the poor fellow was too far gone to do much work, so he did not join in the different cruises among the wrecks.

The first trip was made the next night.

Picking out the nearest wreck to the three treasure ships, which was an old brig lying perhaps two miles away, Tom and Adam started to pull over to her through the gulf weed.

It took four solid hours of the hardest kind of work to make those two miles, but at last the boys drew near along the brig, which proved to be the Three Sisters, of Bristol, England, and climbed upon her deck.

Adam was the first on board, and he gave a loud shout as he threw himself over the rail.

"Skeletons, Tom! Skeletons!" he cried. "We have struck the dead men at last!"

CHAPTER XVII.

GETTING READY FOR A START.

"Never mind the dead men, Adam!" cried Tom, cheerfully. "We are here for what we can get, and an army of dead men isn't going to scare me away."

And, after all, it was only four skeletons bleached white by long exposure to the sun.

One lay on its back near the wheel, another was close to the companion way, one near the galley door, and the last lay by the rail.

"Starved to death, I suppose, the whole bunch of them," said Tom. "Poor wretches! They have been out of their troubles these many years. I don't believe we are going to strike anything here, Adam. It all looks as old as the three treasure wrecks."

Tom was right. Nothing to the least value was found.

Sails there were below stowed away in a large closet.

Evidently they had been new spare sails in their day, but they crumbled to dust as soon as the boys tried to unfold them.

There were six altogether, but they were all alike. As for the rest there was nothing discovered on the ship of the slightest value.

The cargo in the hold consisted entirely of logwood, which accounted for the floating of the ship.

"See that old three-masted schooner over there, Adam," said Tom, when at last they gave it up. "That looks decidedly more modern. I vote we give that a call."

"Oh, gee!" groaned Adam. "More pulling through the weeds! Well, if you say so, Tom, I suppose it has got to be."

"That's the last for to-night," said Tom. "How plain we can see the raft from here. It doesn't seem to have moved one bit."

"According to you the whole business is moving, Tom."

"That's what it is. All going round in a circle. Never mind. Let her go! Come along, Adam, we have got to fight the old gulf weed again."

It was the same hard pulling, but the boys were beginning to learn how to handle their oars in the weed better now, and it was not nearly as hard as it had been at first.

Half an hour took them over to the old schooner.

Here good luck came at the very start.

Two first-rate sails were found, and there was a regular tool chest in the fo'castle.

It was well filled with hammers, saws, planes, etc.; there were also nails and screws of every kind, and what was better than all, the foremast of the schooner was still in place, and as fine a stick of timber as any one could wish to see.

"Plenty of work ahead now, Adam!" said Tom. "We may as well make a night of it and do our resting to-morrow. First of all we want this mast."

There were two good axes in the fo'castle near the tool chest and ropes of all kinds were scattered about.

The boys got a line secured around the mast, and making

the other end fast, they went at it with the axes and soon had the mast overboard amongst the weeds and in tow of the boat.

The tool chest was then lowered into the boat, and they started on their return, reaching the Red, White and Blue shortly before daylight.

That was the first night's work.

To describe the progress of the next few days would require entirely too much space.

It was slow, but the advance was steady, and as soon as Tim Tolliver was able to help, things jumped along.

The boys tore up great pieces of the deck plank of the Morgan.

It was of oak and not nearly as rotten as the planks on the other wrecks.

Tim took the planks and, in the course of two days, had made four first-rate sweeps, which he declared were strong enough for any work.

One evening just after sundown the whole party—for Grace insisted upon going, too—started for the raft.

The mast had already been towed over and made fast alongside the water-logged timber, and the new sweeps were on board.

The boys worked until morning, and by the time the sun rose all was ready, the mast was in place, the little hut on the raft had been put in thorough repair and another built for Grace's occupation.

Great slots had been cut for the sweeps, and when the boys tried them they found that they penetrated through the weeds and worked with comparative freedom in the water below.

"She moves!" cried Tim. "Tom Tuttle, you have got a great head. We are going to get out of this snap sure."

Talk about hard work!

It came then. It was noon before the big raft came abreast the three treasure wrecks.

Grace did her share for awhile, but was soon obliged to give it up and devoted herself to preparing breakfast and dinner, while the boys and Tim stuck to their work.

That ended it for one day, for every one was thoroughly tired out.

Work did not begin again until midnight, when the unloading of the treasure room on the Morgan was begun.

This was the slow and tedious job.

The kegs had to be hoisted out of the hold, rolled across the deck and lowered down upon the raft.

Every now and then one would break and scatter the dollars everywhere, which always threw Tim Tolliver into a great state of excitement.

At first he commenced to secretly pocket the coins, but he soon had to give it up, for they weighed him down so that he could hardly work, and Tom caught him in the act of throwing them all back on the pile of loose coins which were heaped up on the raft.

Day succeeded day until a week had glided by before they fairly realized it.

The work was all done now.

The three treasure wrecks were unloaded, and just in time, for during the night Tom was suddenly aroused by a queer noise for which he could not account.

He sprang up and looked along the line of the old hulks.

There were only two now.

The big hawser was dangling behind the Del Rio.

The San Mateo had sunk beneath the weeds and was seen no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NIGHT OF THE BIG STORM.

"Do we start to-morrow, Tom Tuttle?" Grace wrote on the slate that night just before she retired to the cabin, and the answer Tom wrote was "Yes."

The time had now come to make the great struggle which might mean life and might mean death to all on board the great timber raft.

Hundreds of miles lay between them and any land that Tim Tolliver knew anything about.

Of course they could not hope that the unbroken calm of the Graveyard was going to last forever. Storms were bound to come as soon as they passed out of that charmed circle, and it must be confessed that Tom was rather nervous as to what the fate of the raft might be, and the sudden disappearance of the San Mateo made him think about it all the harder.

But every one else was asleep when it happened, and Tom did not disturb them.

By the time they woke up he was as calm and indifferent about it as though nothing had occurred.

"We are all ready now, Adam," he said, after breakfast was over. "Run up the flag on the Red, White and Blue. It is good-by to the old Graveyard. We are going on with our cruise."

At nine o'clock all went on board the raft and took possession of their new quarters, and then it was good-by to the treasure wrecks.

The lines were cast off, and the sweeps thrown out, and work begun in earnest.

Grace did the steering, and Tom set her a direct westerly course.

All day long the pulling continued. There was no haste—no excitement.

Slowly but surely the huge raft moved away from the old treasure ships, and when at last the sun went down they were no longer visible, nor was any one of the other wrecks.

They were out of the Graveyard at last.

For three days the weather held just the same.

Little wind, a cloudless sky and the gulf weed as thick as ever.

On the morning of the fourth day a strong wind set in from the east, and Tom and Adam lost no time in running up their sails.

The effect was immediate, of course.

"By thunder, she's off like a lady!" cried Tim, as the sails filled and the raft began to move with a rapidity many times as great as the motion they had been able to produce with the sweeps, which were now laid aside.

Tim got out his banjo, and seating himself on an old stool, began to play and roar out comic songs and sailor's "shantees," his deep, rich voice making music that was really worth listening to, and the boys joined in the choruses, of course.

This was all very fine, but the wind was only the fore-runner of a storm, as Tom fully anticipated.

It began to cloud up shortly after sundown.

By nine o'clock it was blowing great gales and raining in torrents.

The raft was now laboring fearfully, and Tom's anxiety was intense.

Of course the sails had been lowered and stowed away, and everything movable except the kegs of dollars made secure in the little huts.

Tom took up his station forward, and Adam remained on the watch at the other end of the long raft, while Tim paced up and down, examining the lashings and tightening knots and keeping the sort of lookout upon everything that he alone knew how to do.

At a little after midnight he came up to Tom with a troubled look upon his face.

"Well?" roared Tom, his words almost blown away by the wind.

"She's laboring fearfully," said Tim. "'Twas no worse the night the tugs went down."

"What do you think?" bellowed Tom. "Is there any danger?"

The answer was not very encouraging.

"Well, now there is the greatest danger. I don't know what to think. The lashings had got to be mighty dry. Once then begin to give it is all day with us, but all this weed is in our favor."

"Think so?"

"I'm sure of it. Helps to hold us together. There isn't any doubt about that."

"Well, take it easy," said Tom. "Anyhow we have got the Red, White and Blue to fall back on. She has stood one storm, and I guess she will stand another. I don't despair."

"Yes, but them dollars," replied Tim, dolefully. "Who wants to lose a fortune once he has it in hand? We couldn't stow more than three or four kegs on board the Red, White and Blue with any kind of safety. You know that yourself, Tom."

"You're right, there. If the raft goes, the treasure goes with it. Oh, look here, Tim!"

Tom pointed over the side.

The raft was tossing about so that it was decidedly dangerous to stand near the edge, but Tim was quite near enough to see what Tom saw.

"Clear water!" he muttered hoarsely. "We are out of the weeds at last."

"That's what's the matter. We have seen the last of the Grassy Sea."

"And what next?" muttered Tim. "Well, we have got to take our chances. Hello! Here comes Adam running for all he is worth. There's something wrong astern, and I am afraid I know pretty well what it is."

"Tom! Tom!" shouted Adam, as he drew near enough to make his voice heard. "The raft is all going to pieces astern! The lashings have given away, and the planks are dropping off like anything. Come and see!"

Tim seized his axe and ran for dear life, closely followed by both the boys.

"What's he going to do?" cried Adam.

"Cut away," replied Tom. "He told me all about it. He cuts away till the break is all cleared, and then makes new fastenings. He will want all the help we can give him. Heaven! what was that?"

There was a noise like thunder, and the boys peering through the darkness saw a huge section of the raft separate from the rest and go off by itself.

"Tim! Tim!" shouted Tom. "Tim! Are you there?"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE END OF TIM.

Tom Tuttle's shouts to Tim, the raftman, brought no answer; indeed it is doubtful if they could have been heard, so fiercely did the wind blow.

"It hain't no use talking, Tom!" bawled Adam. "He has been washed away sure, and the whole raft is going to pieces; best thing we can do is to get aboard the Red, White and Blue."

"I don't give up!" shouted Tom, running back along the raft. "I'll look for Tim. You get aboard the boat and make everything ready. Fly around, Adam! To lose the raft means to lose the treasure, and I don't want to do that now."

Adam turned aside to go to the Red, White and Blue, which was lashed to the raft on the starboard side, while Tom ran on astern, picking his way as carefully as he could, and expecting every moment to be brought up with a round turn.

And so he was when he reached a point halfway between the raft house and what had been the stern.

From here on all had vanished, and Tim was nowhere to be seen.

It gave Tom a shock that he never quite got over.

He strained his eyes into the darkness and thought he could catch a glimpse of a big section of the raft floating away astern.

Still he could not be certain, for the waves were dashing upon the raft with such fury that he did not dare to go near the edge.

That he was wise in keeping back was shown in a minute, for even while he stood there looking, more of the lashings yielded, and six or eight of the big tree trunks were washed away.

"Tim! Tim! Tim!" roared Tom, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands.

He got his answer then.

"Lost! Lost!"

The word was twice borne back to him on the wind, and then all in the same instant what Tom took to be the other section of the raft disappeared and was seen no more.

Tom drew back sick with horror.

The Red, White and Blue might live the gale out, but Tom saw that the raft certainly would not, as matters stood.

He flew back to the raft house, opened the door and looked in.

Grace was quietly sleeping in her bunk. It was really wonderful how easily the poor dumb girl took everything. Nothing ever seemed to disturb her, but how in this terrible storm she could sleep calmly on was more than Tom could tell.

He carefully closed the door and went over to the Red, White and Blue, where Adam was bailing out the cockpit and looking dismal enough.

"I suppose Tim is gone," he said dolefully, "I take it you didn't find him, Tom?"

"Yes, he's gone, and we shall follow him in a moment if something is not done," was the dismal reply; "but I'm going to make a big fight to save the treasure, Adam. I don't despair of doing it yet."

"You can't. She's all going to pieces astern. Golly, I'm glad I didn't stay there, but I'm awfully sorry about poor Tim."

"Come aboard!" shouted Tom. "Lend me a hand. I'm not going to give up so."

Adam threw down his bailing can and sprang on board the raft.

"What's the scheme, Tom?" he asked, quietly enough, reassured by the calm manner of the young captain of the Red, White and Blue.

"The raft is too big to stand the gale, Adam," replied Tom. "As it is now, we can't hope to save it, but if we can cut away the biggest part of the old thing and tie up the balance where the treasure is, I believe we could make it weather the gale."

"Trouble is the lashings are all dried up, Tom. The ropes are as rotten as cheese."

"I know it is so in places, but not everywhere. We want the ropes—all we can get of them. We can work them over the ends of the logs that we propose to save. Buckle down to work, Adam. We may as well die in the harness as any other way."

Adam jumped right into it. The boys got axes out and going astern began to cut away the logs, taking care to save the pieces of rope wherever they could.

Soon they had reduced the raft considerably, and they then set to work to secure the remainder as well as they could, and they worked to such advantage that the washing away of the logs stopped and fully half the raft still remained intact.

About this time the wind began to go down, and just before daylight it died away altogether, and the clouds rolling off to the southeast, the sun rose blazing hot over a calm sea.

The storm was over, and they were saved, but it made them sad to think of the fate of poor Tim.

Grace came out of her house just after daylight.

After her usual good-morning she wrote: "Where's Tim? What has happened to the raft?" on the slate, and the poor girl was greatly troubled when she learned what had occurred.

This, however, did not hinder her from getting up one of her famous breakfasts, but the boys were hardly in the mood to enjoy it, for other troubles were upon them besides the loss of Tim.

The mast was gone. That part of the raft upon which it stood had been washed away.

The sail had gone with it, and the Red, White and Blue and her consort were now entirely at the mercy of the winds and waves.

Four days of dreary drifting followed.

Of course all hope of ever seeing anything of poor Tim Toliver again had to be given up.

It was a question now if they would be able to save themselves, and so matters stood when one night, while Tom was asleep on the logs near the deck house, Adam suddenly shook his arm, calling in anxious tones for him to get up.

"What's the row?" cried Tom, springing to his feet. "Another storm?"

"No, no! Breakers!" cried Adam. "They are right ahead of us! It's my opinion that we are going to run on a coral reef."

"I can hear them!" cried Tom. "and yet I can't see a thing. Yes, I can, too. There they are!"

He pointed off to the eastward where a white line could just be distinguished. The dull roar of the surf could be distinctly heard as they listened.

"We are drifting right on them," said Adam. "I think we shall have to abandon the raft, Tom, and take to the Red, White and Blue."

As Adam spoke, a brilliant flash of lightning broke upon the darkened sky.

For a single instant everything was as bright as day, and Tom knew their danger before darkness closed in upon them again and the thunder came.

CHAPTER XX.

BLOWN ASHORE IN THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

"What's to be done, Tom?" asked Adam, gloomily. "The storm is right upon us. It may not amount to much more than a shower, but when the wind rises it's bound to drive us right on to those reefs."

"There's only one way out of it, Adam," replied Tom. "We have simply got to take to the Red, White and Blue."

"And abandon the treasure?"

"Of course."

"It seems hard."

"It's almighty hard after all we have gone through, but it is either that or death."

"Shall I wake up Grace and tell her?"

"Not now. We will get all ready first. Let her sleep as long as she can, poor thing."

"Do you think there is an island lying inside the reefs?"

"I am almost certain of it. Still it might not be so. It is just impossible to tell."

Just then another flash came. It showed the boys the breakers again, and still more plainly.

Great white crests of foam rose high in the air and tumbled backward with an ever increasing roar.

"Get out the small sail, Adam," said Tom; "get everything ready. I'll put three or four kegs of dollars aboard; as many as I dare."

"And the provisions and the water cask? It's getting mighty low, but it is all we have, and I don't feel altogether safe about leaving it in the small boat."

"It will have to stay there," said Tom, decidedly; "there's no room for it on board the Red, White and Blue."

Lively work followed.

The sail, which had been carefully fitted to the Red, White and Blue when it was first taken from the brig, was now made ready for instant use by Adam.

Tom rolled two kegs of dollars over on deck and transferred them to the cabin.

It was all the little craft could bear with safety, unless her ballast could be taken out and thrown overboard, but it was so stowed away that it was hard to get at, and Tom decided to leave it alone.

By the time these arrangements were completed the storm broke and the rain began to come down in lively style.

The wind rose at the same time. It was nothing extraordinary—nothing like what it had been on the night the raft broke up, but it blew from the southwest, and this was the fatal direction, for it sent the raft flying toward the breakers.

By the time Tom got the second keg of dollars aboard he saw that there was no possible chance of escape if they remained on the raft.

"We must get Grace aboard at once!" he exclaimed. "Make ready with your line, Adam; we want to be all ready to cast off."

Adam was arranging for that. He had loosened all the fastenings but one, and this single rope held the Red, White and Blue to the raft.

As Tom spoke, Adam uttered a sharp cry of dismay, for the rope suddenly parted and the Red, White and Blue went flying away from the raft.

"Oh, Tom! We are loose," shouted Adam, trying to grab the dangling end of the rope.

Tom threw himself flat on the deck, and reaching forward as far as he dared, did his best to catch the raft timbers.

Neither succeeded. The wind was too strong for them. While they were still trying, the Red, White and Blue shot away from the raft, and all chance of returning to it was gone.

"Grace! Grace!" shouted Adam. "Oh, Tom, what have I done!"

Tom did not reply. He could not. The calamity which had so suddenly come upon him was too appalling for words; all he could do was to work.

He sprang to the sail and ran it up.

"Get to the tiller, Adam," he shouted. "We may be able to make the raft yet!"

"Never!" gasped Adam. "It can't be done."

It was so. The instant Tom brought her up into the wind the sail was torn to ribbons.

Not only was all chance of reaching the raft gone, but it looked pretty doubtful if they could save themselves.

Adam clutched the tiller desperately, while Tom sank down into the cockpit and buried his face in his hands, where he remained in silence for several moments, heedless of the drenching rain.

"Tom! Tom! Forgive me, Tom! I couldn't help it!" cried Adam. "The rope parted right in my hands."

"It's too late to talk about it," replied Tom, hoarsely. "There she goes drifting right on to the reef. Nothing can save her. The raft will go to pieces sure."

Adam groaned. He was handling his tiller wildly; both the boys had become very fond of the patient girl who had been their companion now for so many days, and the thought of the fate which assailed her affected them deeply.

But there was no help for it. All they could do was to scud before the wind, and as Adam did not seem able even to

attend to that properly. Tom jumped in and seized the tiller, for they were almost upon the breakers now.

The lightning flashed, and the crashing thunder was something awful to listen to, but above all the roar of the breakers could be heard.

The wind had continued to rise, until now it was blowing with great fury, driving the Red, White and Blue toward the reef.

As for the raft, it was too dark to see it any longer. Tom felt certain that he would never see it again, and as for the Red, White and Blue, he expected nothing else than to see the staunch little craft which had carried them safely through so many dangers dashed to pieces among the breakers, which were now close at hand.

But it did not turn out that way. The boat came up against the line of breakers just at the right place, where, as fortune would have it, there was a break in the coral reef.

It shot through like lightning. Beyond was calmer water, and right ahead lay a long, low island covered with a thick growth of palms.

The wind blew so wildly, and the Red, White and Blue gained such headway that there was no such thing as checking her, and she went flying toward the sandy beach.

Caught by a great wave then, she was thrown high and dry upon it and fell over on her side, throwing Adam on his back in the cockpit, while Tom lost his hold on the tiller and went tumbling over the stern rail, narrowly missing the small boat.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CAVE UNDER THE HILL.

Too-hoo! Too-hoo! Too-hoo!

Then silence for a moment.

Too-hoo! Too-hoo! Too-hoo!

The deep blast of the horn was heard again.

Its dismal croak sounded weird and ghastly as it came rushing out from among the palm trees, carried toward Tom and Adam by the wind.

Probably two worse puzzled boys never existed in any quarter of the globe.

They had heard the blast of the horn from the first moment after they picked themselves up from their strange landing on the island; it had been repeated at short intervals every few moments, and now, after half an hour, they heard it still.

"What in the world do you suppose it can be, Tom?" asked Adam, for perhaps the twentieth time, as the boys stood together beside the poor Red, White and Blue, listening to the strange sound.

"What's the use of asking me, Adam?" replied Tom. "Haven't I told you over and over again that I don't know? It sounds like a fog horn, but there isn't any fog, and there don't seem to be any people here, so solve the mystery if you can."

"That's what I'd like to do," replied Adam. "I can't rest while that old thing keeps tooting away. Come on, Tom. Let's see what it all means. Listen to the blamed old blower! There it goes again!"

"I suppose we might as well," replied Tom. "We can't do any good here. Use those long-range eyes of yours again, Adam, and tell me if you can see anything of the raft out there on the reef."

The storm had now passed away, and the moon was out at her full, making it an easy matter to see the long, low coral reef, which seemed to extend all around the island and about half a mile distant from the shore.

If the raft was there, it seemed as though they ought to be able to see it, but it was nowhere visible, and yet it appeared to Tom as though they could look right over the reef.

"I can't make her out," said Adam, dolefully, after a long, earnest look, "I'm afraid she has gone to pieces, Tom."

"It looks so, don't it?"

"Certainly it does. Poor Grace! It breaks my heart to think of her. And what must she have thought of us when the shock came?"

"Thought we were a couple of mean snoozers what went off and left her, I suppose," replied Adam; "and for my part I don't blame her a bit. Say, Tom, I don't care nothing about the treasure now. It is gone and let it go, but I would like to see that girl again."

"Come," said Tom, brokenly. "Don't let's talk any more about it. There goes the tooter again. We'll push ahead among the trees and see if we can't solve the mystery. Might as well do that as anything else."

The break extended back from the shore for several hundred yards, and there the fringe of palms began.

Just as the boys reached the tree line, the horn sounded again louder than ever, and the sound seemed to come from no great distance away.

"It's over this way," said Adam, diving in among the trees to the right. The palms stood wide apart, and there was no difficulty in making one's way between them.

"There it is!" cried Tom, suddenly. "Well, this is strange!"

Right before them stood a rude sort of tower made of the timbers of some wrecked vessel, and hung at the top in such a way that it caught the stiff breeze which was sweeping over the island at its mouth was a queer-looking tin horn of extraordinary size.

Just as the boys came up to it, the horn swung around into the breeze, and its dismal croak was heard again, the wind carrying the sound far out to sea.

"Well!" exclaimed Tom, "this is a queer arrangement. It means people, Adam. We are not alone on this island. There's something else beyond this."

"Here's a kind of path," said Adam, pointing down to a well-worn footpath in the sand. "We had better follow it. I expect it will bring us into more trouble, but we may as well know the worst."

Tom felt equally uneasy. The whole appearance of the tower was against its having been constructed by any regular inhabitants of the island.

It looked more like the work of shipwrecked sailors, anxious to attract the attention of some passing craft.

But Tom had no disposition to hold back.

"Come on, Adam," he exclaimed. "We will soon solve this mystery. I don't believe we have very far to go."

This proved to be the case. Before they had advanced a hundred yards they came to rising ground, and there, built in the side of the hill, was a door which seemed to have once been part of a ship's cabin.

There was a window set in the rude frame work alongside the door, but no sign of life about the place. It looked old and deserted, as if it had been there for many years.

For a moment Tom hesitated. Something seemed to tell him that this meant trouble ahead. Then plucking up courage he seized hold of the door and flung it open, drawing back at the same moment, half expecting some one to rush out upon him, but all was silent inside.

"Going in, Tom?" whispered Adam. "We may as well see this thing through."

"That's what I mean to do," replied Tom. "I only wish we had a light, though. It's as dark as a pocket inside there, and—"

"Hello! Who's there!" cried a hoarse voice inside the cave at the same instant.

There came the sound of shuffling feet.

A voice called out:

"Wake up! Wake up! There's some one at the door!"

"Gee! Let's get out of this!" breathed Adam.

"Hold on!" replied Tom, catching hold of him as he would have started back.

"We have been shipwrecked on the island!" he called out.

"We don't mean any harm to any one."

"The deuce you don't!" cried a tall, ragged man, with wild-looking eyes and long hair, rushing out at them, brandishing a long sword. "Stand your ground there, you youngsters! Give an account of yourselves or by the marlinspike of Moses I'll run you through!"

There were three others behind him, all equally fierce looking.

They sprang upon Tom and Adam and without ceremony dragged them into the cave under the hill.

CHAPTER XXII.

CAPTURED BY THE TURTLE CATCHERS.

It looked for a moment as though death had come pretty close to Tom and Adam.

The men were fierce-looking fellows, and the way they hustled the captain and crew of the Red, White and Blue about was most alarming.

Nothing but Tom's coolness saved them.

He burst out laughing, and tearing himself away from the man who seized hold of him, said in a careless tone:

"Say, boss, what are you trying to do? Do you think you will make anything by killing two poor snoozers like me and my partner? You are away off. If there is anything in finding us at all, it is in letting us live."

The men stopped their chattering and seemed disposed to listen.

"What do you mean by that, boy?" demanded the one who had dragged Tom into the underground house, which was a mere hole in the hillside, fitted up as a dwelling in the rudest sort of fashion. "Speak right out if you expect to make terms with me. Tell me who and what you are?"

"That's easy done and won't take long," replied Tom, "but I want you fellows to keep your hands off us while we talk."

"Agreed to," replied the man, turning up the ship's lantern, which he had hurriedly lighted, "providing you tell us what good it is going to do us to let you live."

"I'll do it. I am Tom Tuttle. My friend here is Adam Easy. We were washed away in a small boat from a little town in New Jersey, and have been beating about ever since."

"Where's New Jersey?" asked one of the men. "Taint one of the Carribees, is it one of the Bahama Islands, boy?"

"Why, it is one of the United States," sung out Adam. "Don't you know?"

"Never heard of it," growled the man. "How should I? Never was away from the Carribees, except once to go over to Maracaibo. Where's your boat? Did it go to pieces in the storm?"

"No, it didn't," replied Tom. "It's down on the shore here. I'll show you where it is. We've got a lot of money with us. We got it off a wrecked ship. It's yours if you will let us alone and help us to get away from this place."

This threw the men into a great state of excitement.

Some were for going for the treasure at once, but the long-haired man held them back.

"Softly! Softly, mates," he said. "Time enough. I want

these youngsters to understand just how they are fixed. I want them to know that we mean to have their money anyhow, and that it hain't no sort of use in trying to make a bargain with us."

He hesitated for a moment, and then went on to say:

"Tom what's-er-name, I'm Jack Barlow; I hail from Barbuda, so does Pete Roe here alongside of me, and the rest of my mates. Want to know who we are? Well, we are turtle catchers. This here hut is our home. It was built years ago by some shipwrecked sailors, but we live in it now. Want to know what that there horn means, what most likely drew you up to this place? Well, that's to let the Barbuda steamer know that we've got turtles to sell. We expect her along any day now, and when she hears the horn she puts in here to get them. That's the way the cat jumps, but it is only right to tell you that we are men who don't stand on trifles. If you've got dollars, why they are ours—that's all."

"Exactly what I'm saying," replied Tom, coolly. "If you get our dollars you can put us aboard the turtle steamer of course. What island is this, anyhow? Just take what we have got and let us alone till the steamer comes. We have got grub and water enough. We don't want anything from you."

At that speech the men all broke out into a hearty laugh.

"That's right, that's right. Speak your mind, boy," said Barlow. "I don't blame you. This here is Turtle Island, one of the Carribees. As to putting you on the turtle steamer we'll see about that when she comes. We are a hard lot, we are. May take a notion to knock you on the head and tumble you overboard. Can't tell. But come along now, and show us them dollars. Then we'll decide what to do next."

It looked bad. Adam was tremendously frightened and clung to Tom as they walked along.

When they reached the Red, White and Blue the men set up a wild shout and ran toward it in a state of great excitement.

They seemed all at once to have gone crazy and to have forgotten their prisoners.

They ran around the boats, examining them by the light of the lantern; they climbed into the Red, White and Blue and made themselves generally at home.

"Let's scoot, Tom," whispered Adam. "By gosh! they'll kill us if we don't."

"They'll kill us anyhow, I'm afraid," replied Tom. "This island is most likely only a small affair. I don't believe we can possibly escape them, but I'm willing to try."

It was an easy matter to make the attempt.

All the boys had to do was to slip back among the palms and run for their lives, and they did it.

No attempt was made to interfere with them.

They were not even followed, and they ran on until becoming completely exhausted, they were glad to drop down on the sand, where they lay panting, all out of breath.

Their danger was far greater than they knew.

These men were simply criminals, murderers and thieves, exiled from the Island of Barbuda.

Put upon the island by the government, their business was to gather turtles and keep them until a small steamer came over from Barbuda to get them. For this work they received no pay, but were given a fresh supply of provisions. If any of them were to attempt to board the turtle boats they would be instantly shot.

If the boys had known this, they would have realized what a valuable prize the Red, White and Blue and the small boat were to the turtle catchers.

They now had the means of escape from the island where they had been prisoners for several years.

As a matter of fact, they cared nothing for the two boys

one way or the other, so long as they did not interfere with their plans.

Morning dawned. It was red hot, but a breeze blew across the island, which made the heat in some degree endurable.

The horn had been taken down and had not sounded since the boys made their escape.

Looking along the beach Tom and Adam could see the turtle catchers at work on the Red, White and Blue. They had dropped her into the water and were evidently fitting her up for a cruise.

Further along the beach in the other direction a headland projected boldly into the ocean, and right in front of them the coral reef came within two hundred yards of the shore; the waves were breaking over it, and, as the boys looked out along its line, Tom suddenly gave a wild shout:

"The raft, Adam!" he cried. "The raft! There it is outside the reef! Don't you see it bobbing up and down?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

BACK ON THE RAFT ONCE MORE.

It was surely the raft or a part of it at least.

The discovery was a most important one, and regardless of the danger of being seen by the turtle catchers, the boys ran down to the water's edge.

"She's grounded on the coral," said Adam. "See her rise! Don't look as though she was hurt any. I believe we can get out there, Tom."

"So do I," replied Tom, "and what's more, I'm going."

"But how can we ever get Grace back, even if she is alive?"

"I don't know that I shall even try to get her back," replied Tom. "I had rather any time take my chances on the raft than with these men. Come on, Adam, strip off part of your clothes. I am going to try to reach the raft, if you are willing to make the try with me. If you are afraid I suppose I shall have to give it up."

"Who's afraid!" cried Adam. "Don't you suppose I would risk anything for Grace? But we mustn't let them see us, Tom. If they only knew what was on board the raft our chance of ever reaching it would be mighty slim."

"You're right, and I don't think they have seen us yet," replied Tom. "We will undress under the palm trees and make one rush down the beach into the water, but don't raise your hopes too high, Adam. The raft has been beating about there all night. It's a chance if Grace is still alive, and as for the kegs of dollars most of them have rolled off into the sea, more than likely."

"That's your way of looking at it, but it isn't mine," replied Adam. "I believe we shall find Grace alive. We will know more about it after we get there, though. I'm all ready whenever you are, Tom."

Stripped to their undershirts and drawers and with their clothes tied in tight bundles and secured to their heads, the boys made a quick rush down the beach and plunged into the water.

To Tom's great disgust they were seen, and the turtle catchers shouted after them to stop.

Of course they only swam the faster.

Looking back the boys could see the turtle catchers hurriedly completing their preparations to start off in the Red, White and Blue.

"This means more trouble," thought Tom. "They will wonder what we are going on the reef for and will follow us sure."

The boys swam on. They had now passed around an inner spur of the reef, over which the waves were breaking with less fury than on the outside.

Here the coral rose just high enough to prevent them from seeing the Red, White and Blue, so they could not tell what the turtle catchers were doing.

Every moment they were drawing nearer to the main reef, and Tom could see the end of the raft distinctly every time it was projected up above the coral, but he saw nothing of the hut until they had almost reached the reef, when it suddenly came into view, and there stood Grace leaning against it.

Adam gave a shout, forgetting in his excitement that the poor girl could not hear, while Tom threw up one hand and waved it at her, but Grace did not seem to see.

"She's there, Tom! She's there!" cried Adam. "Oh, Grace is alive!"

"And so are the turtle catchers!" Tom called back. "Look behind you, Adam. They are just putting off in the Red, White and Blue."

This was so. In a moment more Tom saw the danger they were in, for the boat was being headed out toward the reef.

"Faster! Faster!" cried Tom. "It's going to be a fight for Grace now, Adam. Whether we can beat them back or not I'm sure I don't know, but if they attempt to harm that poor girl, as far as I am concerned, it will be a fight to the death."

"We have got the axes, Tom."

"Yes, if they are not washed overboard."

"I don't believe anything has been washed overboard. I can see the pile of kegs all right. I don't believe one of them is gone."

"She sees us! Grace sees us!" cried Tom, and in spite of the fatigue he was beginning to feel, he pushed on with bolder stroke.

Grace had at last caught sight of them.

She did not change her position, for the raft was laboring fearfully, but while holding on to the deck house with one hand, she waved at them with the other and seemed to encourage them to keep up their efforts, which it is needless to say they did.

As they neared the reef Tom saw that there was a narrow break in it just beyond the point where the raft appeared.

Heading for this and closely followed by Adam, he swam through, narrowly escaping the jagged branches of the coral more than once, until at last they were right alongside the raft.

It was no easy matter to climb upon the logs as they bobbed up and down among the breakers, but Tom succeeded at last and helped Adam up.

They were glad to make a quick run for the hut, Grace calling out as they came aboard:

"Oh, Tom Tuttle! Oh, Adam Easy! Good-morning, Tom Tuttle! Good-morning, Adam Easy!"

Poor thing!

It was all she could say to show her joy, but her eyes gave the boys the hearty welcome.

"Look, Tom! Look!" cried Adam, as he clutched the pile of kegs to steady himself. "They are coming! We have got our hands full! There's the Red, White and Blue!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

"Get the axes! Be ready to repel boarders! Stand firm now, Adam! This is a fight for life or death!"

Twenty minutes had elapsed since Tom and Adam boarded the raft, and the situation had somewhat changed.

The boys had no more than time to put on their clothes than a big wave, aided by the rising tide, threw the raft higher up on the reef.

The retreat of the wave threw it back again, and to Tom's

intense satisfaction swept the big mass of timbers free of the coral.

The raft floated, and the boys' hopes were raised to the highest pitch, only to be dashed again a moment later on.

It was the bend of the headland that did it.

It formed a sort of bay rull of reefs into which the tide slowly drove them. They were as far as ever from getting out to sea.

Meanwhile the turtle catchers had rigged up a bit of old sail which they probably brought from the cave, and were bearing down upon them under a stiff breeze.

Of course they had seen Grace by this time, and equally of course they had seen the pile of kegs and knew that they probably contained dollars like the ones found in the cabin of the Red, White and Blue.

"We are going to drift right up against the head, Adam," said Tom, dolefully. "There's no help for us. We have got to fight."

Grace seized her slate and hurriedly wrote.

There had been a good deal of writing on the slate since the boys came on board, for, of course, they had to explain all that had occurred.

"Let me fight, too, Tom Tuttle. Give me an axe!" was what Grace wrote now, and held up before Tom.

"So you shall," cried Tom, "and I believe you will fight as well as any of us."

He hurried to get the third axe, which he placed in Grace's hands.

He had no more than done so when the raft was thrown high upon another spur of the reef with a force which threw them all down.

Trouble had come! For the first time the pile of kegs slipped and began rolling about on the raft.

As the fore part of the raft was high upon the coral, the kegs began rolling off into the water.

"Stop them! Stop them!" shouted Barlow. "Don't let them dollars go, or by thunder we'll kill you all!"

The Red, White and Blue was now close upon them, and the conflict could not be much longer delayed.

Tom, Adam and Grace scrambled to their feet and backed up against the hut ready for business.

It was simply impossible to stop the fall of the kegs; more than half of them rolled down the raft into the sea and instantly sank, increasing the rage of the turtle catchers, who drew their swords, which in all probability they had found concealed somewhere in the cave, and prepared to board the raft.

They were swearing horribly, and calling upon the boys to surrender, when all at once Adam gave a wild shout.

"A steamer! A steamer! Oh, Tom! Can they save us! Try and make them hear!"

For the first time since the Red, White and Blue parted with the sinking steamer from which Grace had been rescued, a sail had come into view.

It was a large man-of-war standing around the head as close in shore as she dared to come.

Her decks were crowded with men, and Tom could see many glasses turned upon them. That the steamer was near enough to take in all that was going on was plain enough to be seen.

Tom pulled out his handkerchief and waved it wildly.

The man-of-war answered with a hoarse whistle, and Tom could see men crowding about one of the guns.

The effect on the turtle catchers was most startling.

"They are on to us, boys!" cried Barlow. "We've got to give it up here. We've got to get inside of the reefs right away."

Instantly he tacked, and the Red, White and Blue stood for

the break in the reef through which Tom and Adam had passed.

The move came too late.

Suddenly there was a puff of smoke, and then the report.

"They are firing on them!" cried Tom, and he had scarcely spoken when the Red, White and Blue was struck by the shot.

It tore her clean in two, and Tom saw three of the men, including Barlow, thrown violently into the water.

They instantly sank, and the fourth dove from the wreck, and the next the boys knew he was dashed upon the reef, and with a wild yell disappeared.

It was the end of the turtle catchers and of the Red, White and Blue also; the wreck sank and nothing of it was seen again.

By this time a boat was lowered from the man-of-war, and an officer with seven men pulled straight for the raft, where Tom received them and told his story.

The man-of-war, it appeared, was the British Cruiser Centaur.

Three days before she had sent a boat to the island with four men in search of water, all of whom were murdered by the turtle catchers.

"We don't mince these matters," Lieutenant Browning said to Tom. "The storm drove us off, but we came back again. Those men were all the worst kind of criminals; they have met with their just reward, and it gives me great pleasure to think that we arrived here just in time to save you."

The remarkable cruise of the Red, White and Blue was over, and our story has come to its end.

Of course Lieutenant Browning took Tom, Adam and Grace on board the cruiser and what was left of the dollars went with them, while the raft, valuable as it was, had to be abandoned on the reef.

The castaways were kindly received by the commander of the cruiser, and a few days later he landed them at Kingston, Jamaica, safe and sound.

In return for the service rendered, Tom left ten kegs of dollars to be divided among the crew of the Centaur, while the rest, by the assistance of the American Consul, were turned into a bill of exchange for \$60,000.

It was but a small part of the treasure, but as our three castaways were able to draw the cash when they finally reached Philadelphia, it in a measure compensated them for what they had been through.

Tom remained in Philadelphia, Adam went back to Bad Egg Harbor, and Grace went on to her friends in New York, each with a share of the treasure.

Two years later Adam married Grace and started a country store at Egg Harbor, where he still lives and is doing well.

Tom remained in Philadelphia and went into the shipping business with his little capital, and has doubled it many times since.

Not a word was ever heard of poor Tim Tolliver, and there can be no doubt that he perished on the night of the storm.

Tom owns a fine steam yacht now, for he has become a wealthy man.

Her name is the Red, White and Blue, and next year her owner proposes to make a trip down to Turtle Island with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Easy.

They will take a professional diver with them, and every apparatus necessary for the work they propose to engage in, which is to try and recover the lost kegs of Spanish dollars taken from the three treasure wrecks.

Next week's issue will contain "BILLY, THE BANK MESSENGER; OR, THE BOY WHO WAS SHUT IN THE VAULT." By Richard R. Montgomery.

CURRENT NEWS

Steamers often load cargoes of wood pulp at Chicoutimi, at the head of navigation on the Saguenay river, that wonderfully picturesque tributary of the St. Lawrence which flows out of Lake St. John, and take their freight straight to Manchester, England. The voyage begins on the deepest river in the world, in the Canadian wilderness and ends with nearly 40 miles of canal, through the mill districts of England.

Newcastle, Cal., would not have had a Fourth of July celebration had it not been for Japanese residents. Most of the Americans had gone to neighboring cities, so the Japanese built a platform in a field, decorated it with American flags and Japanese lanterns, invited Americans to attend and provided day and night fireworks and free refreshments. A Japanese acted as master of ceremonies and introduced the speakers, several of whom were Americans.

Workmen in the "Narrows" at Lewistown, Pa., were mystified at seeing a small boat with a single occupant traveling rapidly down the stream, without apparent power. Finally the craft slowed down and the lone occupant was seen to reach over the side with a net and land a monster carp. The fisherman was A. S. Henkles, who, when he found he had caught a monster, decided to let the fish pull the boat around until it was exhausted. The carp weighed 25 pounds and towed the boat four miles.

One of the most sacred places in China, the "altar of heaven," has been thrown open to the public. For centuries it was jealously guarded as a place where none but the son of heaven could sacrifice. It was sealed from the people and regarded with holy reverence on their part. But when permission was at last given for vulgar eyes to pry into the mysteries of the holy of holies, great multitudes from Peking poured out of the city to see the sight, which shows the modern trend of affairs in the new republic.

The remarkable flight of Marcel G. Brindejone des Moulinais, who left Paris June 10, was completed at Villa-Coubly July 2, after traveling 3,110 miles in the same aeroplane. Going by way of Berlin and Warsaw to St. Petersburg, he averaged ninety-three miles an hour, while from Wanne to Berlin he actually achieved 140 miles an hour in a gale. He beat all previous records, making the trip in thirteen hours, thus beating one of the fastest trains in the world, the Nord Express, which does the Paris-Warsaw journey in twenty-seven hours.

Unknowingly, because of poor sight, Jeremiah Kramer, seventy-two, a farmer, of Pittsburgh, Kan., ran into a big swarm of bees which were about to settle in his wagon shed the other morning. The bees enveloped Kramer and piled onto his face and long whiskers. He yelled for help and fought the bees as best he could, but he was soon blinded

and helpless from their stings. Finally he became unconscious and was found by his son three hours later lying on the wagon shed floor, with myriads of bees on his head, arms and neck, which were swollen to twice their natural size. Kramer died that afternoon.

As a substitute for glass, sea shells are used to splendid advantage in the Philippines. The windows in the main entrance of a large building in Manila are probably as fine a modern example of the use of sea shells as can be obtained. The sea-shell windows may also be seen at their best in old churches. Manila alone uses in the neighborhood of 5,000,000 Kapas shells each year for windows. The largest-sized shells will square about three inches. These sell for from \$4 to \$5 per 1,000, according to quality. Shells that will form panes of about two square inches sell anywhere from \$1.50 to \$3 per 1,000, and are used for ordinary purposes, in dwellings, stores and the like. The shells are translucent and the light comes through them in a soft pearl-gray tone.

Dr. J. Novak, a prominent Austrian physician, in a discussion in a Vienna medical journal of the care of feet on walking tours, marches, etc., suggests that blisters and erosions from the shoes can be very easily cured by anointing the region with salve or tallow and applying a bandage which will protect the skin from all rubbing and friction. A pad of cotton spread thick with salve is applied over the lesion, and above this a bandage of soft gauze is wound so tight that it cannot slip. The bandage takes up no more room than a stocking and can be worn with ordinary shoes. It is astonishing, he remarks, how the foot can be used afterward and the walking tour resumed without any further plan or disturbance of any kind from this source. If the bandage is left undisturbed two or three days the lesion will generally be found healed over when it is removed.

The main stable on John D. Rockefeller's estate at Pocantico Hills, N. Y., with his marble lined garage and other luxurious features, was burned late the other night. The fire started in a hayloft and had gained much headway before the fire department got on the scene, and the failure of the private Rockefeller water system completed the havoc. One of the first to arrive was John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Dressed in an old overcoat and slouch hat, he ran with ladders, rolled out barrels of oil and gasoline and helped save the automobiles, carriages and farming implements which filled large sections of the building. Mrs. Rockefeller arrived later and took the four families which had quarters in the stables to her home for the night. The stable was constructed of steel with tiled roofs, and nothing but the interior fittings was inflammable. The flames, however, ate every vestige of woodwork, warping the steel beams so badly that they gave way under the weight of the roof and superstructure. The damage was more than \$150,000.

CAUGHT, LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP.

By Kit Clyde.

I have a little story to tell in connection with my visit to India two years ago, says a writer.

I had started on a visit to a friend in an interior town, and, through an accident that befell one of the natives who accompanied me, I was detained several hours and forced to proceed very slowly when the band again started, the injured man being borne on a rude litter by four of his companions. So it came about that it had grown dark before we reached our destination.

About nine o'clock at night we reached the town, and inquiring for the bungalow of my friend, found it on the furthest outskirts of the village. I rode out there, leaving the others to put up at a public house. When I reached the bungalow, what was my chagrin and disappointment to find that my friend and his family were off on a sea voyage, and had left the place in charge of a single servant, a native, who had lived with them since they first came to the country.

"But the house is yours, Sahib, with all that it contains," said Tibboo, with his profoundest bow, and so, as there was no other prospect, I turned my horse over to Tibboo, threw myself into a hammock under the trees, and proceeded to enjoy a little rest, for I was tired out. It was near midnight before I managed to tear myself away from the hammock and go to the room which Tibboo had prepared for me.

"There is no need of closing the windows," said Tibboo. "In this country they all sleep with the windows open—though I have seen countries where it was otherwise."

I think it must have been about 2 o'clock when I was at last startled wide awake. I said that ordinary noise would have roused me. What I heard was not an ordinary noise. It was a sound of something creeping softly about the room. The footsteps were too soft for those of a dog, but still I thought it was a dog, and raising myself on my elbow, I shouted: "Get out of here! Begone, sir!"

The response was a low, deep growl, certainly not a dog's growl. I reached under my pillow for the box of matches I had placed there when I went to bed, got one out, reached down to the floor and struck it.

Never will I forget the sight that met my eyes. Across the room stood an enormous leopard, its fiery eyes gleaming in the light, its tail gently waving to and fro as it watched me, and just behind it, at one of the open windows, the head of its mate was visible, looking in from the veranda.

I gazed as if fascinated, too horrified to move until the match burned down to my fingers, and I dropped it. And there I was in the dark with two leopards for company. I gave a shout that might easily have waked the seven sleepers, and that rang through the silent house with a terrible roar, and at the same time threw myself to the back side of the bed next to the wall. The moment I struck the wall, however, I thought of something else, and jerking up the edge of the mattress I rolled back on the springs and pulled the mattress down over me. At the same moment one of the leopards struck the place where I had been lying the minute before, and I felt his awful weight upon me and

heard the growl that told how he resented having missed his prey. Lying face downward on the springs I saw a light suddenly shine on the floor beneath the bed, and peeping out I beheld Tibboo standing in the door with a lamp in his hands.

"Help, Tibboo, help!" I shouted as loud as I could, but instead of waiting to help Tibboo set the lamp down upon the floor and ran. I felt that it would be a very short time indeed that I would be able to keep them away from me with the paltry protection of a thin wool mattress. They walked over me again and again, their huge bodies crushing me as I lay there helpless. They made several endeavors to get under the bed, but the bedstead was a low one, and they were not able to get under. Then they nosed about the edges of the mattress. Every moment was an age. What a horrible thing—to be caught like a rat in a trap and torn to pieces in the very room in which I had thought myself so safe.

But still, for some unaccountable reason, my fate was delayed. They both mounted upon the bed again and went prowling over it, growling fiercely at their failure to reach me. And they were both standing on my helpless body, when I heard presently a shot that was so near it sounded like the very crack of doom.

With a wild, snarling scream, the two leopards leaped from the bed. I threw aside the mattress and looked out to catch a glimpse of Tibboo's form flying through the shrubbery. He had slipped up to the window, fired one shot and fled for his life. On the floor lay one of the leopards, gasping and dying. The other stood by it, nosing it over, licking its wounds and making a low moan that was half a growl. It paid no attention to me when I looked out. I saw that Tibboo had left me to my fate again, and that now or never was my time to get my gun. If I failed in this attempt my last chance was gone.

Slowly and carefully I dragged myself from beneath the mattress, and prepared to spring without further hesitation. Just as I was ready it turned at me with a growl that would have daunted a far stouter heart than mine was at that moment. I sprang for the gun, notwithstanding, but a blow from one of those terrible paws as I passed it brought me to my knees. Still I got the gun. I owe it to that fact that I am here to-day. I got the gun.

The beast was upon me so quickly that I had not time to bring the weapon to my shoulder, but was forced to defend myself by thrusting the muzzle into its mouth. Then I reached down and pulled the trigger. It was as queer a shot as ever was made, I should think, but it broke the leopard's neck, and he rolled away from me, and was dead before he quit rolling.

Then Tibboo came back, rascal that he was, and asked, with that low bow of his:

"Will the Sahib please take another room, for this one needs attention?"

"You miserable wretch!" I cried, "why did you shoot but one of the leopards and leave me at the mercy of the other one?"

And Tibboo replied with immovable calm:

"Because my gun has but one barrel."

After which I went to bed, while Tibboo remained up and showed the two leopards to a mob of half-dressed natives whom the two shots had aroused from their beds.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

—OR—

THE HERO OF THE 7th

By J. P. RICHARDS.

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued):

The old home where she was born and reared was sold under a mortgage, passing into strange hands, and poor Freda, who was brought up in the midst of wealth and luxury, was thrown upon the cold, heartless world, forced to earn the bit of bread necessary to keep life within her or starve.

"I can't go to Win and ask her to give me food and shelter, for in the first place she has none too much for herself, and in the next I could not face her with that awful stain upon me, for I—I am nameless, and Win would never overlook that. No, I must keep away from the ones who once loved me, and it will end some day—ah, thank heaven it will end some day!"

How little she knew Winona Avery's generous nature! She had seen those cruel, heartless rumors in the papers, but before she could get around to write to Freda, or to see her either, she had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. In vain did she search high and low for her.

Jack Navarro, too, came to see her, only to find she had been gone from her old home for over a week. So engrossed was he with the affairs of the regiment that he hardly took time to read the papers, and he did not dream that the Judge May, whom he read about, was the father of the girl who was his promised wife. He even advertised in all the daily papers, but he might as well have attempted to look for a needle in a haymow, as the old saying goes. In spite of his efforts he did not find the slightest trace of her, and he realized that he was never likely to.

"She has drifted out of my life forever," he said sadly to himself one day, as he sat in his office idly toying with a paper-cutter. "She knew how dear she was to me, and when trouble overtook her, she ran away and left me alone. I would never have forsaken her. I would have been kinder, truer, tenderer than ever, when she was in the midst of trouble. But now, I shall never see her again. I shall never look upon her face, heaven bless her. Oh! Freda, Freda, how you have wronged and misjudged me! You think I am like all the rest of the world. Cold, heartless, ready to turn my back upon one who is dearer to me than my very life! Oh, if I could only see you; if I could only hold you in my arms, and tell you how dearly I love you. But, no! That blessed privilege is denied me!"

He used to look back to that week spent in camp as the happiest one of his whole life, and he often wondered if such golden days would ever come again.

"I did not appreciate those days at the time," he murmured, with a sigh of regret, "for I thought they would last forever. But now, when it is too late, I see my mistake."

Thus lost in sorrowful musings, he did not hear the door of his office open softly, and the first time he realized that he was not alone was when the meek, dark-eyed messenger

boy stood before him, holding in his hand a yellow covered envelope.

The dark eyes were familiar, the features well remembered, and the voice had a familiar ring.

The message was from the colonel of his regiment, informing him that they were likely to be ordered to the front at any moment, and also deploring the fact that their favorite drummer boy had been taken suddenly ill, and would not be able to go with him.

"Ah, what a pity!" the young man murmured, as he crushed the yellow envelope in his hands. "And he was such a clever boy, too. I am more than sorry."

"What is it, sir?" the messenger asked eagerly, his dark eyes glowing, his nostrils dilating. "Something about a drummer boy, was it not?"

"Yes, the drummer boy of Company D has been taken seriously ill, and if the regiment is ordered to the front we shall be without a drummer boy, and I don't know where to find another one equal to him."

"Let me go in his place, sir," the messenger said, with sudden eagerness. "I know all about a drum, I can beat all the calls and reveilles, and you will soon find that you have made no mistake."

"All right, my boy, as luck will have it there is a drum right here in this very office," and as he spoke Jack dived into an interior closet, bringing forth a well-battered drum. "Now go on and show us what you can do, and if you come up to the mark we will let you go with us."

The boy did not falter for a single instant. His handsome face grew pale, but taking the drum in his hands he hung it about his neck. His hands trembled slightly, but setting his teeth tightly together he beat a boots and saddle, a roll call, in fact all the calls from beginning to end.

"You are a treasure, my boy, a treasure," and Handsome Jack, as the fellows in the regiment used to call him, bent forward and clasped the boy by the hand. "You are really better than the boy we had at first, and we considered him an artist. Now, do you realize what you will have to put up with if you go to the frontier with the 7th? The hardships and dangers, the privations? Stop long enough to consider before you make the jump."

"I realize it all, sir," was the low modest reply. "I realize it from beginning to end, and I am anxious, aye, more than anxious to go. For I am weary of this life—so weary that even danger has a charm for me."

"All right, my boy, then you shall go," and as he spoke good-natured Jack leaned forward, laying one hand upon that of the messenger boy. "You are pluck to the backbone, and I am glad that I know you."

So it came to pass that when the trouble among the Indians grew worse, and the 7th Regiment was ordered to the frontier, the pretty, girlish-faced messenger boy went with them as drummer boy, and not one in the whole company guessed his identity. Not even Jack Navarro, the handsomest man in the 7th, the admiration of all the girls, "the pet of all the ladies," the man who did not know the meaning of the word fear. Had he known who the girlish-faced messenger was, it would have made a difference in his whole life, but alas! for him, fate was unkind, and would not lift her mystic veil!

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Sitting in a hammock that was swung under a tree, Miss Lillian Gaul, who lives on a farm a mile to the south of Sunbury, Pa., fell asleep with a small harvest apple in her hand. She awoke and was horrified to find a small garter snake in her lap, trying to swallow the apple, which had rolled from her hand. With the book she had been reading she brushed the reptile to the ground and ran screaming to her home. Her father killed the snake.

After breakfasting under the first navel orange tree planted in America—a tree that came from Bahia, Brazil, in 1875—Dr. Lauro Muller, special envoy of Brazil, left Riverside, Cal., for the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Thence he will go through to New York. Dr. Muller accepted the invitation extended to Brazil to take part two years hence in the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the navel orange industry in Southern California.

Patrick N. Ford has entered suits for \$10,000 damages against Urling Brothers, dentists, of Pittsburgh, Pa., for a broken jaw. Ford complains that he will never again have the proper use of his jaw and that the injury is of such nature that his whole nervous system is impaired beyond remedy. In his bill of complaint Ford asserts that he went to the dentists to have a tooth extracted and his jawbone was broken. He had expected to have it done painlessly.

In a Common Pleas Court decision rendered the other day, Judge A. C. Risinger, of Eaton, Ohio, allowed a perpetual injunction order restraining the negro organization known as the Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the World from making further use of the name "Elks" or any of the designated or emblematic possessions of the white Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in the State of Ohio. Application for an injunction to restrain the negro lodgemen from usurping the name, insignia, badge, etc., of the white organization was made last August to the court here through the grand lodge, and the decision has been pending since the hearing of the case in Dayton early this year.

Sixteen men in the charge of Oscar St. Mary rode through a solid half mile of burning country on a logging railway and nearly lost their lives while trying to fight off forest fires which were surrounding Camp No. 5 of the Oconto Lumber Company. The camp, which was located at Lakewood near Oconto, Wis., became surrounded by fire and the crew fought until it was seen that it could not be saved. They boarded a logging train, but found the track afire. Realizing the only hope of saving the men was to drive through the flames, the engineer went ahead on the rickety logging road at a rate of forty miles an hour. The engineer did not slacken even when he saw a tree had fallen across the track. Several members of the crew were unconscious when they got out of the fire belt.

Caius Cæsar Caligula was the third Emperor of Rome. He was born at Antium on August 31, A. D. 12, and was put to death in Rome January 24, A. D. 41, in revenge for his numerous cruelties. He possessed an insane thirst for blood. He rarely slept more than three hours out of the twenty-four, and often paced the halls of his palace all night, longing for the day to come. He caused many intimate friends to be put to death on the most frivolous pretexts. When ill, some friends had vowed to the gods to give their lives for his; when Caligula recovered he ordered them to commit suicide. When there was no criminals to be torn by the beasts in the arena, he ordered victims to be selected from the spectators, and had their tongues cut out that they might make no outcry. That his meals might be made more enjoyable, he sometimes ordered men to be put to death before his eyes, and while he ate he insanely laughed at their moans and derided their cries for mercy. He built a temple in which there was a life-size statue of himself as the presiding deity and priest. He made his horse a consul and had the animal attended by lictors and arrayed in all the appointments of office. He finally meditated the slaughter of half the Senate, and a large number of the nobles, when he was assassinated by some of those he had doomed to death, in the fourth year of his reign.

It might be supposed that the President of the United States is surrounded with so many barriers preventing close approach unannounced that the ordinary solicitor for money would obtain little chance of asking the Chief Executive personally for cash. Such is the case ordinarily, but this does not prevent many men and women engaged in philanthropic and other enterprises gaining the Presidential ear to press their claims for cash recognition. The other day President Wilson gave a check for \$300 as part of a popular fund being raised for an emergency hospital. The President declared he was sorry that he could not make the check larger. He has had other calls along the same line, although very little is known of the fact. Very frequently have all of the Presidents contributed toward something that has been placed specially before them. Naturally a large number of requests breaking through the ordinary barriers are turned down. They have to be. News that the President has contributed just once is an invitation for hundreds of additional solicitations. A check that President Grover Cleveland drew for \$250 in favor of an Odd Fellow project deluged him with applications from almost all the fraternal orders. Many of those soliciting contributions from the President do not approach him directly. They seek an entry by way of his household. It has been so under a number of administrations. It does not seem to be so much of a "holdup" when the Administration ladies are apprised of a worthy charity first and break the news gently at the White House breakfast table. In the aggregate it can be taken for granted that cash demands on the President, big man as he is, often get to him for sums of three and four figures.

On the Wheel for a Fortune

—OR—

The Wonderful Adventures of a Boy Bicyclist

By WILLIAM WADE.

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued).

"True enough. The thing is beyond me. I can offer no explanation, and the mystery of the appearance of the strange man in the valley and his singular vanishment, without seeking to trouble us, is just as much of a puzzle," he answered.

When night came, recognizing the futility of remaining longer at the lookout rock, the young couple descended and went to the cabin.

There Sylvia set about preparing their simple evening meal.

Presently she found the water bucket empty.

Horace took it, saying:

"I will go to the spring and fill it."

The spring was at but a short distance from the cabin and behind a large moss-grown rock from beneath which its pure, cool waters gushed forth in a natural basin.

Horace reached the spring and filled the bucket; returning he entered the cabin; then he paused abruptly. He saw nothing of Sylvia; the door of the inner room was open; he looked beyond it; the girl was not there.

While a deadly fear seized upon him he quickly assured himself that Sylvia was not in the cabin; then he vainly called her. At last he exclaimed in despair:

"Sylvia has gone to meet the same mysterious fate as Hester! I am alone, alone!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAN IN THE VALLEY.

Horace's brave heart was almost broken by this last calamity. He knew then how dear the little maiden who had shared his many perils had become to him—how she had entwined herself about his heart.

He knew not what to do. Outside the darkness might hide a score of foes. The same unknown fate that had befallen Hester and his girlish sweetheart might be in store for him. He knew at last the valley must hold some strange mystery which he had not even suspected.

Horace asked himself how Sylvia could have been spirited away during the few moments of his absence at the spring.

He could not explain it. There was no evidence of a struggle. But he knew in his heart that Sylvia had been abducted.

He stared about the room that seemed so desolate and empty now that Sylvia was gone. Then he moaned bitterly.

"Oh, Sylvia, my lost one, gone from me, perhaps forever, and to what fate?"

For a time Horace seemed stricken helpless by the magnitude of the new calamity. He seemed powerless to act. To collect his thoughts was an effort. But at last his indomitable courage and presence of mind asserted itself.

He felt that he was assuming a craven's part to remain inactive. He caught up a rifle and crept out of the cabin—out into the gloom that might hide lurking foes.

The lad had scarcely a definite idea of what he meant to do. He only had the vague determination to find Sylvia without knowing how he should seek to accomplish his purpose.

As he crept away he began to think. Gradually his mind became more composed. He seized upon every phase of the situation with mental grasp.

The abductor of Sylvia might and probably would return for him. The unknown would naturally look for him at the cabin. Then why not hide near it and watch and wait.

Horace halted with these thoughts in mind.

The stern determination came to him, that if the abductor of Sylvia came within range of his rifle he would kill him on the spot or make him lead the way to the maiden.

Two hours elapsed while Horace crouched at the edge of a little thicket of flowering shrubs near the cottage enveloped in the darkness.

The light still burned in the cabin, a prowling foe would think there was some one within.

Every sound made Horace start and listen intently.

At length he became aware that some one was approaching. How his heart beat as he listened. How he vainly sought to penetrate the gloom. Nearer came the sounds of footsteps. Then a shadowy figure glided by.

Horace clutched his rifle. He waited motionless for a moment and then crept after the night prowler without a sound.

Presently he saw him by the light from the cabin window and knew him for the same man whom he had seen in the valley the night before.

The stranger crept to the cabin window and peered in cautiously. Horace thought he was looking for him.

The lad's first impulse was to cover him with his rifle and make him throw up his hands.

Then he suddenly thought of a new plan.

The stranger would eventually go back to the place whence he had come—to which he had probably taken Sylvia. Why not wait and follow him?

Horace decided to do so.

After he had glanced in at the window the mysterious man crept around the corner and crouched down.

"He has seen that I was not in the cabin. Now he is waiting for me. He means to surprise me," the boy thought.

For a long time the stranger remained at the corner of the cabin silent and motionless. But at last his patience seemed exhausted and he moved swiftly away.

Horace observed that he proceeded in the direction whence he had come, and then he stole after him.

He took the greatest care to avoid making any sound, well knowing that the least noise would likely betray him.

The darkness favored Horace in his purpose to follow the stranger secretly. The man proceeded toward the southern end of the valley.

(To be continued)

NEWS PARAGRAPHS

The entire town of Scobey, Mont., will be moved this fall, as a result of the construction of the Great Northern's Plentywood extension. Every building will be hauled two miles to a new townsite on the railway. The contract for the removal of the town has just been let to a Minot man.

Hereafter finger prints of persons arrested for vagrancy and drunkenness will be taken and placed on file in Police Headquarters, New York. The Board of City Magistrates of the first division met the other day and besides discussing this matter decided that hereafter all women arrested after one o'clock A. M. shall be remanded for trial at the Women's Night Court in Jefferson Market.

Thirty thousand employees in government departments were alarmed recently by reports that President Wilson and his cabinet are considering making working hours begin at 8 a. m. instead of 9. From time immemorial the clerks have been "getting on the job" at 9 and quitting at 4.30. Until eight years ago they quit at 4. A saving of \$1,000,000 a year is said to be possible if an extra hour is added.

It is probable that in the near future all milk will be delivered in red bottles, for it has just been discovered that while ordinary light hastens the "spoiling" of milk, the red rays prevent it. The violet rays, on the contrary, cause the milk to turn. Pure, fresh milk, or sterilized and pasteurized milk, if placed in an uncolored glass bottle and left in the full sunlight, is completely spoiled by evening. But substitute a red glass bottle, or wrap the ordinary bottle in red paper, and milk is perfectly good after standing ten hours in the sun.

One of the strangest incidents in the annals of medicine occurred recently when Charles Arioro, of No. 8,123 Mingo avenue, Philadelphia, choked to death in bed. He literally swallowed his own tongue. His sister, Mrs. Anna Mario, called Dr. S. McCormick, but the man was dead when the physician reached him. Arioro had been suffering from epileptic fits, and it is believed that this brought on his death. The coroner will probably attribute the death to some disease with a long name, but the plain fact is that Arioro's death was caused by his tongue sticking in his throat.

For attaching rails to ties on railroads a Frenchman has invented a screw that is said to hold tighter than anything yet devised. It is in two parts: first a hollow screw, open at the lower end, slit a short distance up the sides and having a worm inside as well as outside. This is screwed into the hole in the tie. Into it is screwed the second part, which is a solid screw, conical in shape. As this is driven home it forces the lower end of the hollow screw apart, making it spread and become wider below than above, thus biting the wood of the tie in a way that makes it inextricable.

It was learned the other day that the Stock Exchange seat of William Robinson, which was transferred to Orme Wilson, Jr., was sold for \$40,000. This beats the previous low record of \$1913 by \$1,000, and is the lowest price at which an Exchange seat has sold since 1900, when one was purchased for \$37,500. The highest at which a seat on the Exchange has sold this year was \$53,000, against a high price in 1912 of \$74,000. The largest price ever received for a seat was in 1909, when \$96,000 was paid. It was erroneously reported several weeks ago that a seat had sold for \$38,000.

English girls are once again dressing and looking like English girls. No longer is the young girl a replica of her mother in dress. She is simply just herself. Extreme simplicity indeed is the keynote of girls' dresses to-day. The change is due to the influence of the Queen and her dressing of Princess Mary in the simplest of styles. And now the simple style of dressing which Princess Mary affects is influencing the fashions. For several seasons young girls have been almost exact imitations of their mothers, but all this is now changed. The return of the young girl to simple dress should help to abolish the fashion of "makeup," which even girls have adopted.

An earnest appeal for legislation to enable young men to secure promotion to flag rank in the United States Navy was made by Colonel Robert M. Thompson, of Philadelphia, at a session of the Navy League. He reviewed the present system, declaring that when an officer reached the rank of admiral he was too old to be of any real use. "The admiral must be to the fleet what the captain is to the ship," declared Colonel Thompson. "As the moving power and the inspiration he must have exacting skill gained by actual experience. One cannot learn to maneuver a fleet by studying tactics. Every marine nation in the world, except our own, has learned this and has taken steps to secure young, vigorous, and highly qualified men, and to give them the necessary experience to fit them for supreme command."

An all-day search for Richard Osborne and Walter Layman, convicts, who made a daring escape from the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., recently, was fruitless. Osborne, who was serving a sentence of eighteen years for a robbery committed in Washington, had made three previous efforts to escape. Layman, his cellmate, serving three years for counterfeiting in California, escaped once from McNeil Island, the government prison on the Pacific Coast, but was recaptured. The escaping convicts crawled through the cellhouse window and lifted themselves to the roof by an ingenious contrivance resembling a mechanic's rule. Slats of wood were riveted end to end, and when unfolded the convicts were able to catch the eaves with a hook attached to the contrivance and pull themselves up. They also used this makeshift ladder to lower themselves over the prison wall.

INTERESTING TOPICS

THE KING'S BIGGEST TIP.

King William II of Wurtemberg is Europe's most democratic sovereign, now that George of Greece is no more. He will wander around the countryside and go boating on Lake Constance just as the fancy takes him.

One day recently he stopped for refreshment at the little Swiss village of Rohrschach. Ordering a mug of beer he threw down a mark, telling the maid not to bother about the change. Presently he ordered another mugful, which was brought by an old woman. Another mark was thrown down. A third drink was brought by an old man. Ordering two more beers he placed them on one side.

"Now," he said, "I think I have tipped the whole family, so good day."

"No, you haven't," came a child's voice. "I was going to bring you the next. It's always the way. Very few visitors take six drinks, and I'm the sixth waiter."

The King turned and took the little boy in his arms.

"Well, you shall have a bigger tip than any," he replied, pressing a gold piece into the child's hand.

A WONDERFUL SHIP.

With a gross tonnage of 50,000 and a 98-foot beam, the Hamburg-American liner, Imperator, which landed her passengers at Hoboken for the first time on June 19, measures 919 feet in length and has five captains, headed by Commander-in-Chief Hans Ruser. The vessel's bridge looms 90 feet above the water. Her three funnels reach 69 feet over the upper deck. Her wireless, managed by three operators, transmits messages 1,500 miles. She has three anchors, the heaviest weighing 26,445 pounds. Of her ten decks, seven are for first-class passengers. Among her up-to-date features are a Roman bath, Turkish and electric baths, chiropodists' and manicures' room, glass-enclosed private decks, bedrooms larger than hotel chambers, a telephone system including; every stateroom, varied restaurant and grillroom facilities, and every arrangement for the handling and preservation of food supplies in quantities. The crew number 1,180. The first voyage's passengers were 3,450, and provisions for the trip included 48,500 pounds of fresh meats, 48,000 eggs, 121,000 pounds of potatoes, 27,500 pounds of fresh vegetables, 12,500 quarts of milk and cream, 10,500 pounds of fowl and game, 9,000 pounds of fish, 7,000 pounds of coffee, 400 pounds of tea, 500 pounds of chocolate, 4,000 cans of preserved fruits and 6,000 cans of preserved vegetables.

THE PRAIRIE DOG COLONY.

A prairie dog settlement in Colorado is estimated to contain 500,000,000 inhabitants. Were the snakes, owls, rabbits, lizards and horned toads which live with the dogs to be counted in, the population of the place would reach the billion mark.

The figures are not strictly accurate, for the government has never counted these dogs in the census. But any one who has seen such a city knows there are over one hun-

dred dogs to the acre, and this city is one hundred and forty miles long by fifty wide, containing 4,480,000 acres.

They dig deep burrows with so many chambers that the railroad which is being put through their city will have to destroy a large number of dogs and their homes in order to avoid accidents from caving in of tracks.

This city was founded centuries ago. It has been known to be about its present size for fifty years. Families grow rapidly and the young ones stay at home till there is not room enough for all and some are pushed out to dig homes for themselves.

They live on four kinds of food, cactus, roots of wire-grass, tender green shoots of sagebush and greasewood. These are the only specimens of plant life found in the western deserts where prairie dogs are natives. In spite of the sameness of their fare they manage to keep sleek and fat on food which a ground squirrel would consider starvation diet.

A STRANGE DUEL.

Recently a peacock and buffalo had a duel to the death at the zoo in Philadelphia, in the presence of hundreds of persons thronging the gardens.

The peacock was the challenger and drew first blood, but the buffalo trampled the bird under hoof and crushed the form into the earth. There was no possible way for the keepers to stop the battle.

The trouble began when Headkeeper Manley chased a flock of a dozen peafowl, allowed to strut at will about the gardens, away from his flower beds. The bird that did battle with the buffalo flew into that animal's private enclosure, spread its tail, croaked its unmusical cry and plainly informed the buffalo that he was no longer owner of the spot.

The buffalo, who is a dignified sort of a beast, didn't like the way the peacock acted. He gave a mild bellow of warning. The peacock croaked a few uncomplimentary remarks and fanned his tail in insulting fashion. Then the buffalo charged. The bird sidestepped and jabbed viciously at the animal's eye and caught the buffalo in the soft part of the nose.

That was a little too much for the buffalo. Bellowing angrily, he rushed again. The bird escaped by flying to the top of the fence about the enclosure. There he insisted upon croaking more unpleasantries. The buffalo withdrew a short distance, blowing the dust and pawing the ground. The peacock wasn't warned, however. Into the enclosure he flew again, spread his wings and shrieked a challenge.

It was soon over. The buffalo charged, cornered the bird and trampled it to death. The many persons who witnessed the struggle were not anxious to have the battle ended. They were too excited. They cheered the peacock as they would have cheered the small boy who tackles the big bully. The keepers tried to coax the bird from the buffalo's home, but the peacock wouldn't have any of their coaxing.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

LILLIAN RUSSELL-MOORE GETS \$105,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander P. Moore, of Pittsburgh, Pa., sailed for Europe by the White Star liner Cedric on their annual vacation abroad. Mrs. Moore, who ordered her name on the passenger list appear as Mrs. Lillian Russell Moore, signed a contract with John Cort just before going aboard. The contract is for the services of Lillian Russell for an American tour next season for \$105,000. The famous actress wrote the amount herself, so the reporter made no mistake. "Don't forget even if I am fifty-two years old I am worth \$105,000 a season," she said laughingly.

TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A MONOPLANE.

Frank Clifford, the English aviator, who plans to make a flight from Atlantic City to London in his monoplane by the use of frozen petrol, arrived in New York, recently, accompanied by his wife. He expressed confidence that he would be able to make the oversea journey successfully from coast to coast in thirty hours. It will have to be made in that time, he declared, or not at all. His monoplane, he said, could easily maintain an average speed of 100 miles an hour, and by stopping once in mid-Atlantic for more fuel he thought his theory could be made a reality.

"I am familiar with the air currents of the Atlantic," he said, "and by using frozen petrol there will be little danger of losing my equilibrium through the shifting of liquid fuel. I can put the petrol in my monoplane in a frozen block and melt it as I need it for power. I shall arrange to have a vessel with plenty of frozen fuel on board somewhere in mid-Atlantic, and will replenish my power by alighting in the water near this ship. I can easily make 100 miles an hour in my machine, and by taking the short course to the north should be able to land on the Irish coast within thirty hours after I leave Atlantic City. I expect to fly from my landing place in Ireland over to London, using a course along the outskirts of the city. By doing this I will not violate the law forbidding flight over the British capital."

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

For thirty-seven long years the National League of baseball clubs has been in operation, and during but thirteen of these has the organization had a rival. In the long time that the league has been in operation there has been change after change, the most important coming with the dropping of such cities as Providence and Baltimore and the substituting of clubs in cities with a larger population.

Until the American League was formed in 1900, the National had a monopoly on major league ball. It was only after a hard fight that the old circuit gave in and permitted the formation of a younger circuit, the powers of the older league fully realizing that with another major league circuit salaries would go up, better ball would be required, and every phase of the game would cost more, all of which cut down the profits of the game.

The National clubs are unfortunately bossed by a number of moneyed men, who, unfortunately, are a bit hard to please, and this has caused much trouble for the different clubs. When you get a bunch like Charles W. Murphy, C. H. Ebbets and Barney Dreyfuss mixed up in the same undertaking there is bound to be a lot of squabbling. All these men wish to have their own way, and when they are crossed you have to watch out.

Perhaps the biggest squabble in the league in recent years came some three years ago over the election of a president. Some wanted one man while others favored another, and for a time it looked as if the league would split. Finally, however, all differences were patched up, and Tim Lynch was named as the ruling power. This, however, is in name only.

Unlike the American League, the older organization has a pennant-winning monopoly of three clubs, namely, New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh. In the past twelve years these clubs have won every pennant, always being closely bunched for the first three places, with the remaining teams far in the rear. This serves to lessen the interest in the race, and by the time the season is about to close all the interest that can be stirred up is in the three towns that have a look-in.

Since 1900 there have been twelve pennant races, and all have been won by Pittsburgh, New York and Chicago, the three splitting the flags three ways. Before the time of the pennant-winning trio many clubs shared in the pennant-winning habit. First Boston would win, then Brooklyn, Providence, Baltimore and even Detroit. In late years, however, the Boston and Brooklyn clubs have dropped this pennant-winning habit, and are usually fighting for the last round of the ladder.

The honor of holding the title as leading batsman has been held by a score of different players, no one having any monopoly on the honor. Many have won the honor more seasons than one, while others grabbed it off one year and then dropped almost completely out of baseball. This was especially true in the younger days of the game when such men as Gore, Dalrymple, Barnes and White held top places.

The distinction of holding the highest batting average ever made in a major league goes to Duffy, the old Boston star, who hit for an average of .438 back in 1894. This player is the only one who ever beat out the marks of Lajoie and Cobb, who hold top honors in the younger circuit. This, however, was so far back that many figure that Lajoie's average of .422 is superior. Lajoie made his high run when the game had reached its height and better ball was played.

Hans Wagner and A. C. Anson are probably the greatest batting stars ever developed in the old league. For seven seasons Wagner was at the top of the batting list of the league, his highest mark being .355 and was made in 1907. Anson topped the circuit for four years, and his highest average, .421, was made in 1887. Burkett and Brantley are two other old stars who held the lead more than a couple of times.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1913.

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ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

Private advices reaching Nogales, Ariz., report that the commander of the two federal gunboats in Guaymas harbor espoused the insurgent cause. The boats were said to have turned their guns on the federal positions in Guaymas, declaring all of Ojeda's troops prisoners of the constitutionalists. General Ojeda was reported to have been boarding the boats at the time.

A large eagle in captivity at San Angelo, Neb., at the City Hall Zoo severely injured Benjamin Harrison, a local printer, who was teasing the bird while it was out of its cage. It struck at him and cut a large gash in his nose with its claws. It then sprang upon him and sank its claws into his left wrist and hand. Men used pliers to get the eagle's talons out of Harrison.

A Vilas, an amateur aviator of Chicago, made the first aeroplane flight across Lake Michigan. His trip in a hydro-aeroplane from St. Joseph, Mich., to Chicago consumed one hour and thirty-four minutes. He was accompanied by William Bastar, of Benton Harbor. Vilas followed the steamship lane, the distance being about fifty-eight miles. He would have crossed from shore to shore within an hour, he said, had not shifting air currents compelled him frequently to change the level on which he was flying.

The discovery of fossil bones of a camel within the arctic circle in Alaska was announced by the Smithsonian Institution. The find tends to support the theory, experts say, of the existence of a wide Asiatic-Alaskan land connection of comparatively recent date, which for a great length of time served as a highway for the migration of mammals from the Old World to America. Copely Amory, Jr., found the fossils last summer while collecting specimens for the United States Alaskan Museum. The find was located about fifty miles from the mouth of the Old Crow River in Yukon territory, Canada.

A number of Indian shell mounds have been found in the cypress swamps in Ascension and Livingston parishes, La. Interesting relics have been unearthed, including some old Spanish coins, Indian arrows and spear heads and similar articles. It is an accepted theory that the mounds were the last homes of the Tensas tribe of Indians, last

heard of at Grand Lake, Louisiana, in 1828. The Indians disappeared mysteriously, and it is thought they went into the dense swamps to avoid being neighbors of the encroaching whites, and there perished of famine. A few skulls have been found.

"Shooting jackrabbits from an automobile is the greatest sport I ever had," declared F. A. Masee, who, with his family, has just returned from a tour of Central Oregon. "We found innumerable rabbits in the region near Madras, and in three days' shooting killed more than 100 of the long-eared bunnies." Mr. Masee, who is a local orchardist, is raising a family of hunters. His small sons handle their automatics with skill and Mrs. Masee took a hand in toppling over the rabbits. The ranchers of Central Oregon will devote their energies to killing off jackrabbits, which increase very fast and have become a decided pest in some localities.

Captain Thomas Fleming Day, the American who piloted the motorboat Detroit across the Atlantic last summer, will probably be selected as the navigating officer on the yacht which Sir Thomas Lipton will send to San Francisco to compete in the races there during the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The yacht will be called the Shamrock, and will be the fifth of that ilk if the New York Yacht Club gives Sir Thomas the privilege of sailing Shamrock IV, for the America Cup. The yacht will cross the Atlantic under its own sail, be towed through the Panama Canal, and go thence up the Pacific coast to San Francisco, again under its own canvas. The racer will be conveyed by Sir Thomas' steam yacht Erin.

In Russia a tax of 2½ cents per yard is henceforth to be levied on all moving picture films, whether Russian made or imported. Boys and girls under sixteen must now be refused admittance to picture shows not especially adapted to young people. There is also a project for closing down all movies at 8 P. M., but this would mean bankruptcy for them. In some cities, especially where the bulk of the population is non-Russian, movies pay one-sixth of their gross profits to the Imperial Theaters. The Minister of Education has reported that the movies are to blame for the enormous increase of infantile crime and suicides. The new regulations are expected to make a difference. Schoolboys are no longer to be admitted into vaudeville shows and night cafes.

Levi Lytie of Kerby, Mich., had an encounter the other night with half a dozen rats that had attacked his horse. The horse had been sharp shod and had calked itself so it bled a trifle from one foot. Attracted to the barn by the pounding of the horse, Lytie found the rats lacerating the frantic animal's legs with their sharp teeth. Where the blood had trickled from the puncture caused by the calk they had torn the flesh and had worked up the joint, then attacking the leg on the opposite side and causing injuries that may cripple the horse permanently. When Lytie attacked the rats with a stick they turned on him and one of the rodents scrambled up his leg and fastened its teeth above the knee, while the others bit at the farmer's ankles. Lytie finally managed to kill two rats and rout the others.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

BEAR MOUNTAIN PARK.

A part of the new Bear Mountain Park, a few miles south of West Point, N. Y., is now open to the public. The announcement was made by George W. Perkins, president of the New York Palisades Interstate Park Commission. Mr. Perkins says: "The work has progressed far enough so that arrangements have been made to run an excursion boat each week day from New York, leaving the Battery at 9.30 A. M., West Twenty-third street at 10 A. M., West 129th street at 10.30 A. M., and Yonkers at 11.30 A. M. Hessian Lake is in this park, and boats have been placed upon it. The trip to the park takes one along the Palisades."

LONG CHASE AFTER "BAD MAN."

The horse thief and stickup man that has been making free with the peace of three counties was apprehended at Galena, a ranger station about thirty-five miles north of Ketchum, Idaho.

The fellow, who was given a different name every time he was asked, stole a horse and saddle from a barn at Bliss, rode from there to Camas prairie and held up a saloon. He then returned to Bliss, via the shearing corrals in the mountains, where he raised Cain generally.

Constable Pinkham of Bliss, noticing that he answered the description of the man wanted, arrested him and took him to the hotel and phoned for Sheriff Bliss at Gooding. While phoning, the prisoner walked out and when pursued took a shot at Pinkham with his rifle, of which the constable had neglected to relieve him.

Pinkham abandoned the chase and nothing was done till Sheriff Bliss took up the trail. He tracked the man by means of an oddly shaped horseshoe and followed him nearly to Gooding, then north over the Sawtooth Mountains and up Willow Creek. The forest rangers were notified to watch for the man and horse, and when he showed up at Galena he was invited to stay all night.

It was his intention to do so until a second ranger appeared on the scene, but when he attempted to leave the invitation was repeated at the point of a revolver. The sheriff arrived half an hour later.

GERMANY AND CANADA.

The two weakest spots in the world to-day are Germany and Canada, says Colonel R. M. Thompson, who is on his annual visit to the British Isles.

"What affects Germany," he declared, "is the tremendous armament on a huge scale and the vast amount of the increased standing army, which draws so many individual units out of the industrial life of the nation. Its activities necessarily are seriously impaired and are unable to expand. France is a country with a huge amount of reserve capital and is constantly drawing more from Germany.

"Canada is in a more serious condition than the world at large realizes. Immigration has been boomed so heavily that the country now feels the strain. Statistics show that every immigrant costs the country \$1,500 in house,

clothes, railways extension, new towns and so on, and people are now going so fast to Canada that the Dominion is really hard pressed to get money. Last year immigration cost Canada the staggering sum of \$60,000,000.

"These nations may be weak at present, but there is no reason for any one to be afraid of conditions in America. Uncertainty over tariff conditions has naturally produced a temporary interference with business and trade, but that is nothing more than a state of mind. People are holding on, and once the tariff bill is passed, readjustment is bound to follow, because the American is such an adaptable man. There is a natural financial unrest all over the world right now, but the United States is by no means a weak spot."

OF INTEREST TO ALL.

The new jute substitute called textilose, of which great things seem to be expected in England, is apparently a paper twine coated with mucilage, then drawn through cotton waste and spun.

Previous to 1900 Morocco had practically no public improvements, but the international conference of Algeiras has forced them upon it. Now it is to have harbors, light-houses and roads.

The following unique advertisement appeared recently in a Hanoverian paper: "Lost, from an aeroplane, gold watch and chain; was last seen disappearing in large stack of rye on a field near Ulzen. Liberal reward for return of same."

Government estimates place the developed water power in the United States at 5,356,680 horse power, the undeveloped power at present available at 66,518,500 horse power and the possible ultimate development at 230,800,000 horse power.

In dry seasons one may now travel throughout Uruguay in an automobile, the large rivers being crossed on ferries, the smaller streams forded. In wet seasons the smaller streams become impassable, sometimes causing travelers vexatious delays of weeks.

In Stockholm the street-car conductors sell hatpin protectors for a cent apiece to all women who wish to buy. The implements do not protect the hatpin. They are fastened to the point and prevent a hatpin from doing damage to the person or property of men and women sitting or standing near by.

Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, famous neurologist and author of many books of science and fiction, recently celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday in Philadelphia. He is in splendid health and is actively engaged in the practice of medicine, as well as in literary and scientific work. Doctor Mitchell has been a prodigious worker all his life.

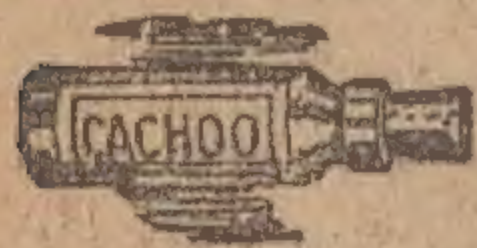
During his life the late H. J. Adams, an Englishman, spent fully \$200,000 in collecting butterflies and moths. The collection, believed to be the most valuable of its kind in the world, has just been presented to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. About 150,000 specimens are contained in sixty-seven beautifully made mahogany cabinets.

CHANGING MONEY TRICK BOX.



With this trick box you can make money change, from a penny into a dime or vice versa. Also make dimes appear and disappear at your command. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

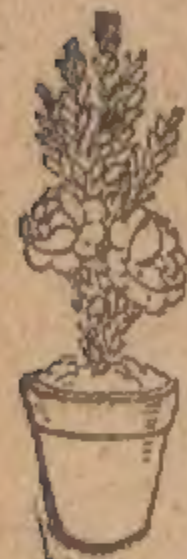
H. F. LANG,
1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it

comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

HINDOO FLOWER-POT TRICK



With this trick you can make a plant grow right up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary empty earthen flower-pot is handed to the spectators for examination. A handkerchief is then placed over it, and you repeat a few magic words, and wave your wand over it. When the handkerchief is removed there is a beautiful plant, apparently in full bloom, in the pot. Full directions with each outfit. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

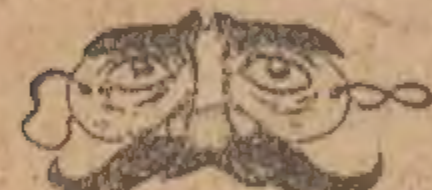
NOISY HANDKERCHIEF.



A great deal of amusement may be had with this little article. It imitates the blowing of the nose exactly, except that the noise is magnified at least a dozen times, and sounds like the bass-horn in a German band. This device is

used by simply placing it between the teeth and blowing. The harder the blow the louder the noise. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

NEW MASKS



Half-face masks with movable noses. A distinct novelty which will afford no end of amusement. They come in 6 styles, each a different face, such as Desperate Desmond, etc., and are beautifully colored and splendidly finished, with patent eyelets to prevent tearing. Price 15 cents apiece, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS



Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude various bright tints. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form.

Small size, price 5 cents; large size, 10 cents a package, by mail, postpaid.

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YOU ALL WANT THIS MEDAL!

You Can Get One for Six Cents!

Has a picture of Fred Fearnot on one side and Evelyn on the other. The chief characters of



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The Medals are beautifully fire-gilt.

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SHIP'S BASEBALL CO., Dept. T, Ottawa, Can.

BINGO.

It is a little metal box. It looks very innocent. But it is supplied with an ingenious mechanism which shoots off a harmless cap when it is opened. You can have more fun than a circus with this new trick. Place the BINGO in or under any article and it will go off when the article is opened or removed. It can be used as a funny joke by being placed in a purse, cigarette box or between the leaves of a magazine, also, under any movable article, such as a book, tray, dish, etc. The BINGO can also be used as a Burglar Alarm or as a Theft Preventer by being placed in a drawer, money till, under a door or window, or under any article that would be moved or disturbed should a theft be attempted.

Price 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

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Price 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK GUN FOB



The real western article, carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather, with a highly nickeled buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN,
419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.

Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickeled brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

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Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any Liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 55c. Holsters separate, 10c. Send money order. No postage stamps or coins accepted.

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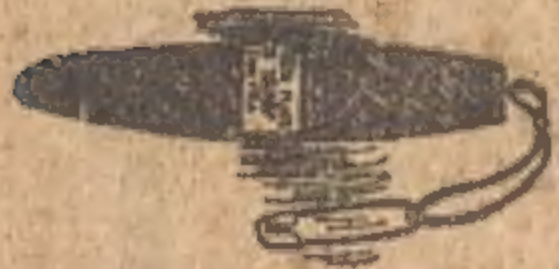
JAPANESE DIVER



The strangest toy on the market. They are made in Japan and look like a little red mandarin. Each manikin is furnished with a cartridge to which a pair of legs are attached. By making two pin-holes in the cartridge, attaching it to the figure, and immersing it in a glass of water the little figure will dart up and down for an hour like a real diver. Price, by mail, 25 cents each, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

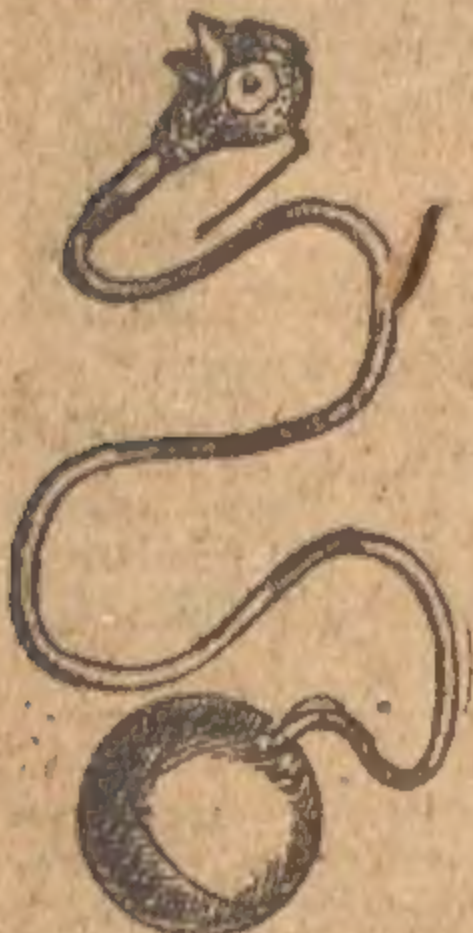
PIGGY IN A COFFIN.



This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it looks, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully lacquered. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers and feelings hurt, and piggy comes out to grunt at his victims. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) presses inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in his thumb or finger every time. This is the latest and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret, and as a neat catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid; one dozen by express, 75c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

WHISTLING BIRD.



It consists of a long, thin rubber tube to be concealed under the clothing. On one end is a rubber ball to be held in the pocket. At the other end is a metal bird's head with a movable under-jaw, which can be put through a lapel button hole. When you squeeze the bulb, the bird begins to chirp and sing and whistle in the most life-like manner.

Price 25 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

BUBBLER.



The greatest invention of the age. The box contains a blow-pipe of neatly enameled metal, and five tablets; also printed directions for playing numerous

soap-bubble games, such as Floating Bubbles, Repeaters, Surprise Bubbles, Double Bubbles, The Boxers, Lung Tester, Supported Bubbles, Rolling Bubbles, Smoke Bubbles, Bouncing Bubbles, and many others. Ordinary bubble-blowing, with a pipe and soap water, are not in it with this scientific toy. It produces larger, more beautiful and stronger bubbles than you can get by the ordinary method. The games are intensely interesting, too.

Price, 12c. by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

LATEST GIANT TYPEWRITER.



It is strongly made, but simple in construction, so that any one can quickly learn to operate it, and write as rapidly as they would with pen and ink. The letters of the al-

phabet most frequently used being so grouped as to enable one to write rapidly; the numerals, 1 to 10, and the punctuation marks being together. With this machine you can send letters, address envelopes, make out bills, and do almost any kind of work not requiring a large, expensive machine. With each typewriter we send a tube of ink and full instructions for using the machine. Price complete, \$1.00, by express.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE BUGHOUSE PUZZLE.



It is the most mystifying puzzle ever invented, and consists of 14 pieces of metal, packed in a neat little box. With them you can form a checker board—that is, if you know how. The trick is to do it, and a tougher job you never tackled. Several other interesting combinations are possible. Get a box and see how many you can do. Price 12 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

POCKET WHISK-BROOM



This is no toy, but a real whisk-broom, 6½ inches high. It is made of imported Japanese bristles, neatly put together, and can easily be carried in the vest pocket, ready for use at any moment, for hats or clothing, etc. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

LITTLE GIANT MICROSCOPE.



This powerful little instrument is made of oxidized metal. It stands on two supports made the exact length, to get a sharp, 1-inch focus on the object to be magnified. There is a high-powered lens of imported glass mounted in the circular eye-piece. It can be used to detect impurities in liquids, for examining cloths, or to magnify any object to enormous size. Can be carried in the vest pocket.

Price, 6c. each, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

SLICK TRICK PENCIL.



This one is a hummer! It is to all appearances an ordinary, but expensive lead pencil, with nickel trimmings. If your friend wants your pencil for a moment, hand it to him. When he attempts to write with it, he end instantly turns up, and he cannot write a stroke.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG,

1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

IMITATION FLIES.

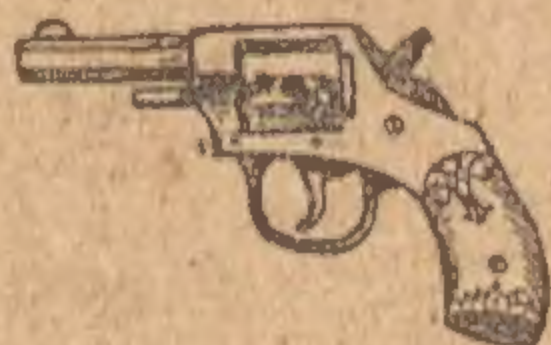


Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pins justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those who try to chase it.

Price, 10c. by mail postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE X-RAY REVOLVER



With one of these guns you can defy the Sullivan Law with impunity. It is used to scare, and not to shoot. It is impossible to detect the fact that it is not a genuine revolver. Can be used as a paper-weight, an ornament, or in other ways. Price, by mail, 45 cents each, postpaid.

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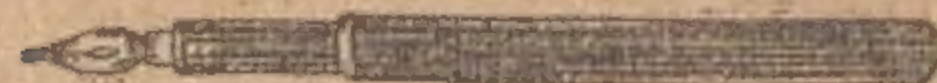
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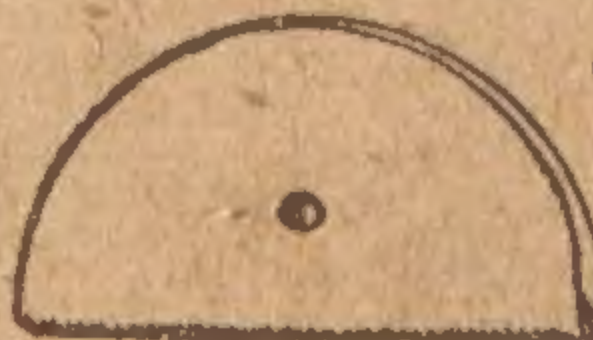


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